

# The Sketch

No. 1337.—Vol. CIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



A FAMOUS DANCER NEW TO THIS COUNTRY: Mlle LYDIA LOPOKOVA, WHO MADE HER LONDON DÉBUT  
LAST WEEK IN THE RUSSIAN BALLET AT THE COLISEUM.

Mlle. Lydia Lopokova is the *première danseuse* of the Russian Ballet which opened at the Coliseum last Thursday, with "Cleopatra" and "The Good-Humoured Ladies." As mentioned under another portrait

of her elsewhere in this Number, she has not previously visited this country. Her first appearance here was eminently successful. She is a star of the first magnitude.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

**Could You Answer This Question?**

They were two American officers, and I found them on the Embankment in the neighbourhood of Somerset House.

"Could you tell me," said the senior officer, "where that little church is with the churchyard to it? I'm showing my friend a bit of London, and I want him to see a church in the middle of London with a real churchyard around it."

No, friend the reader, that was not the question. I admit that I had to give my brains a slight jerk, but I remembered, just in time to avoid eternal disgrace, the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

"I'm walking that way," I replied, "and shall be delighted to show you the street."

Now came the poser. It was a simple question, but I afterwards put it to several hardened Londoners in my club, and they were baffled.

"By the way," pursued the senior officer, as we walked along, "how old is Waterloo Bridge?"

How old is Waterloo Bridge, anyway? I don't know. I had never thought about the age of Waterloo Bridge until that moment. At one stage of my existence I used to cross it twice daily, if not four times. But I had never made inquiries as to the age of the bridge. It seemed young enough for my purpose.

"Oh," I answered airily, "it's quite a modern bridge. About a hundred years old."

They seemed satisfied with the information, but I had an awful pang just after I had left them. What if the Battle of Waterloo had not been fought in 1815? What a hideous blunder I should have made! How the American officers would have roared as they told the tale in their mess!

And was it?

And was the bridge named after the battle? Or after the station?

**A Suggestion.**

Such ignorance is appalling. It will not do. There is no excuse for it. Cabmen, I have

been told, are compelled by the authorities at Scotland Yard to pass an examination on the streets of London. They must be prepared to state, off-hand, how they would get from Hercules Road, Lambeth, to Murray Street, Camden Square; or from Nevis Road, Upper Tooting, to Carmalt Gardens, Putney; or from Orange Street, Gravel Lane, to Lawrie Park Gardens, Sydenham. If they miss a turning they lose a mark, and if they lose ten marks in a hundred they must stand again for the examination or earn a living by some less exacting means.

I suggest, in the face of my own ignorance as to the date of Waterloo Bridge, that all Londoners, or people who use London regularly, should be compelled to pass an examination in London's monuments, historic landmarks, churches, public parks, and so forth. A certificate to the effect

that they have passed this examination should be carried in their pockets, and produced when demanded by the police or some recognised authority.

Let me draft a sample paper.

**ELEMENTARY EXAMINATION ON LONDON.**

(For Children under 16.)

1. How many Southampton Streets are there? Which is the shortest and which the longest?
2. Draw a diagram of Waterloo Station, showing which trains start from which platforms.
3. Name a statue in London, which perpetuates the memory of a distinguished statesman, with an umbrella.
4. Distinguish between (1) Red Lion Court, (2) Red Lion Street, and (3) Red Lion Square.
5. Which is the narrowest street in London, which the broadest, and which the longest?
6. Who wrote the following lines?—  
*London Bridge is broken down,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
London Bridge is broken down  
With a gay lady.*
7. Charles Lamb said, "The Mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights, her lions. I can no more spare them than I could the Cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them." And so on.

Give your opinion of Charles Lamb in this connection.

8. In what street of London was Lefroy, the famous murderer, arrested? Describe the incidents leading to his arrest.

9. What is the prospect from Prospect Hill, Walthamstow, and what the view from Viewfield Road, Wandsworth?

10. If a cabman, in driving you from Park Road, Bow, to Park Road, Plumstead, went by Park Road, Hornsey, what would you say to him? What subsequent action would you expect him to take?

11. It has been said that the City of London is built "upon a sweet and most agreeable eminency of ground."

Discuss this statement from the point of view (1) of a telephone-operator, (2) of a cab-horse, (3) of a policeman, and (4) of a street-cleaner.

12. Charlotte Brontë wrote: "I had just extinguished my candle and lain down when a deep, low, mighty tone swung through the night. At first I knew it not; but it was uttered twelve times, and at the twelfth colossal hum and trembling knell I said, 'I lie in the shadow of St. Paul's.'"

Was she correct? If so, at what inn was she staying?



A WELCOME RETURN TO THE STAGE: MISS BIRDIE COURTNEY, OF "TELLING THE TALE," AT THE AMBASSADORS' THEATRE. Miss Courtney plays Julia, and very good she is—notably in the song, with dance, "Altogether Too Fond," in which she is partnered by Mr. Gerald Kirby.—[Camera-Portrait by E. O. Hoppe.]



IN "THE BOY"—SINCE ITS ANNIVERSARY: MISS NELLIE BRIERCLIFFE.

Miss Briercliffe has taken up the part of Joy Chatterton in "The Boy," beginning with the anniversary performance of that play on Saturday last.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

**A Simple Paper.**

There you have a very simple test-paper, in which I myself would guarantee to obtain 66 per cent. But the paper for adults would be far harder. I would not mind setting it, but I should never attempt to pass in it. That is why it is always so much better to be an examiner than an examinee. I have, in my time, argued this point with examiners, but they were never sporting enough to grant me the victory. Which is another excellent reason for starting life as an examiner. But you need influence.



# AT HOME AND ABROAD: PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS.



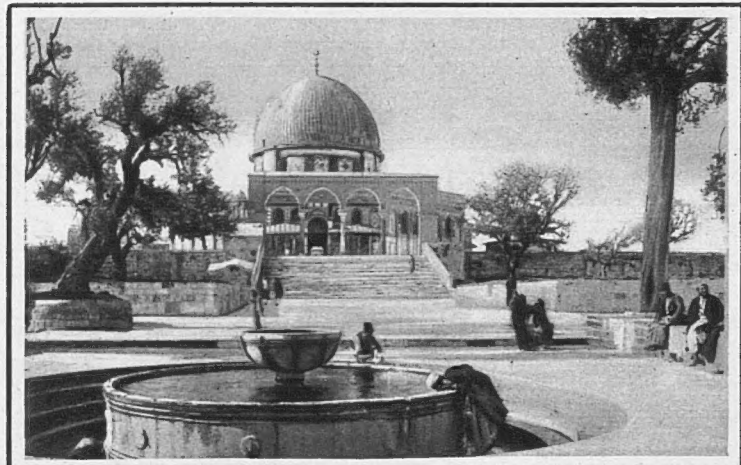
A WORKER AT THE EUSTON BUFFET AND PRISONERS' PARCELS: THE HON. IVY SPENCER.



"ANGELA" IN "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS," AT DALY'S THEATRE: MISS FAITH BEVAN.



JUST COME OF AGE: MISS MARY DOREEN FRANK, DAUGHTER OF THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF LANDS.



LATELY THE SCENE OF A REMARKABLE MASONIC MEETING: THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM, ON THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.



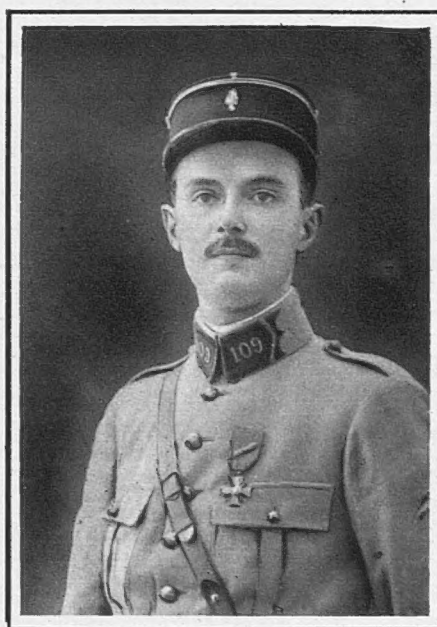
THE FOOD CONTROLLER'S SON HELPS WITH FOOD-PRODUCTION: MR. W. CLYNES, OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY, ON HARVEST WORK IN SOMERSET.



MURDERED BY BOLSHIEVISTS AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY, PETROGRAD: CAPT. FRANCIS CROMIE.



FATHER AND DAUGHTER ON ACTIVE SERVICE: COLONEL C. A. SMART, CANADIAN ARMY, AND MISS DOROTHY SMART.

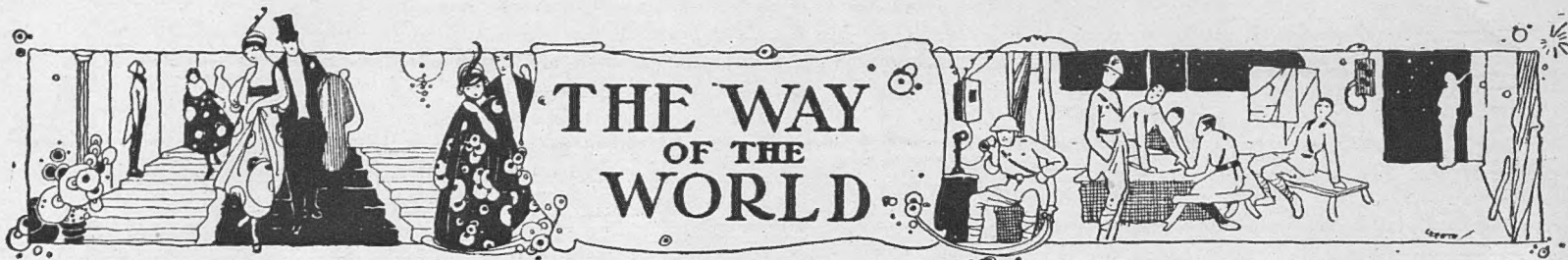


TO MARRY MISS JOAN PLOWDEN: LIEUTENANT CHARLES A. M. JULLIEN, FRENCH ARMY.

Miss Ivy Spencer is the elder daughter of Viscount Churchill.—Miss Mary Frank is the daughter of Sir Howard Frank, Director-General of Lands to the War Office, Ministry of Munitions, and Air Ministry.—New Zealanders serving in Palestine recently organised a great Masonic meeting at the Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem, which stands on the site of Solomon's Temple, the traditional cradle of Freemasonry.—Captain Cromie, who

was murdered in Petrograd, had done fine submarine work in the Baltic before he became Naval Attaché at the Embassy.—Miss Dorothy Smart has been working with the Cantine Anglaise in France.—Lieutenant Jullien (French Artillery) has been twice wounded, and won the Croix de Guerre at Verdun. A portrait of Miss Joan Plowden, his fiancée, appears on another page.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Yevonde, C.N., and Topical.]





### Taking the Risk.

I was stopped near the club by a lady friend of mine who happened to be in an omnibus at Windsor the other day. She had a fellow-passenger who was a man, which is a rare thing in these days. He jumped on the omnibus at a time when it was doing its best to break the speed-limit. "What a foolish young man," thought my friend, "not to signal the omnibus to stop!" "It means risking your life, my dear," remarked another lady in the 'bus.

### The Prince of Wales Finds His Penny.

He was a fair-haired, good-looking young man, attired in a light-grey suit and wearing a bowler hat. He was very quietly dressed. He wore no jewellery, no watch-chain or tie-pin. When the conductor called for fares, he fumbled in his trousers pocket and produced a penny. Once or twice he glanced round at his fellow-passengers. Indeed, my friend thought that he was wondering if he was recognised. You see, he was quite a public person. He was the Prince of Wales.



THE "WREN" AS AN AQUATIC BIRD: MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S ROYAL NAVAL SERVICE HOLIDAY-MAKING AT ALDEBURGH.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



WHEN THE COALMAN FAILS—TRY COLEMAN!

"And for goodness' sake, Luigi, let's have a pot of mustard on the table, or we'll be frozen." "Well-lighted and heated hotels and restaurants will be unknown this winter."—*Daily Paper.*

considered one of dishonour!—Lord St. Germans, who is a recent bridegroom himself, arrived in a beautiful cloud of blue flying girls in blue uniform. It was at this precise moment that a whisper began to spread about the church in which the word "Lens" was most conspicuous. "Have you heard about Lens?" whispered over my shoulder a Colonel who might have belonged to the old Indian Curry. Nobody had heard about Lens, but everybody was anxious to get on with the marriage service. Still, there was no keeping Lens out of the church. "Hasn't Lens been glorious?" said a shy-looking young Staff officer, as he pushed his way up the aisle, past the blue girls. Then a gentleman of rather distinguished and very venerable appearance, who might have been a Chancery Judge or a successful tea-planter in some remote outpost of

Empire, turned round to me and inquired, with a distinct note of challenge in his voice, "Who is this Lens?"

**A Great Success.** Quite the most fashionable and frankly friendly first night of the theatres of late was "Telling the Tale" at the Ambassadors' Theatre the other evening, when Mlle. Edmée Dormeuil and Lucienne Dervyle started to throw enormous gollywogs into the capacious bosom of the audience. Enthusiasm became so intense that I almost thought that Britain was celebrating a victory. Gerald Kirby has never done anything better in his life, and pretty Birdie Courtney has made the hit of her career. Meanwhile, everyone ought to be pleased that the new theatrical amalgamation of Gerald Kirby and that popular old Etonian, John Wyndham, has scored such an initial success. The more the merrier for everybody concerned, except for those parties who earlier in the year thought they could establish a theatrical trust.

**Domestic Habits.** The Duchess of Drury Lane was discussing the war with the Countess of Seven Dials in a local house of refreshment. "The way them brutes o' Germans is knocking the poor French women in Lille about is something cruel!" said one. "Yus; it's not even as though they was their lawful wives, is it?" said the other.



THE LUCK OF THE STATES.  
"On the West, on the Atlantic, on America, we shall henceforth turn our backs."—*Dr. Hans Ehrenburg.*



SENT TO THE TOWER—AS ITS NEW LIEUTENANT: GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

a man, she would probably have been shot; but her dauntless attitude so impressed the Germans that they simply paid and left.

**Mr. Gompers and a Prize-Fight.** Americans are remarkable people. You can't tell a Labour leader from the most popular millionaire on Broadway. Even down to the accent and the clothes, they appear to be identical. I thought of this when I went with Mr. Gompers, the great American "Labour boss," to see the fight between Jimmy Wilde and Joe Conn, at the Stamford Bridge Grounds the other Saturday. "Say," said Mr. Gompers, "I thought I was pulled over here for serious business, and the first thing you Britishers put me into is a prize-fight. I'm not saying it wasn't a good one, because it's one of the best I've ever seen, and that boy Wilde is a real marvel, and then something to come. But I really believe that if the Boches could persuade you Britishers that they were wagering the world, in



THE AUTHOR OF "MUNITION MARY": MISS BRENDA GIRVIN, NOW HOLDING A HIGH COMMAND IN THE "WRENS."

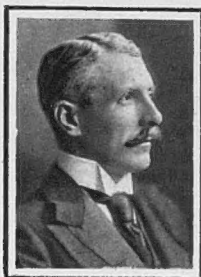
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



FEATURING "CHARLIE CHAPLIN": A CHEERY GROUP AT A GYMKHANA AND ATHLETIC MEETING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE, IN AID OF THE KING'S FUND FOR THE DISABLED.

Photograph by C.N.





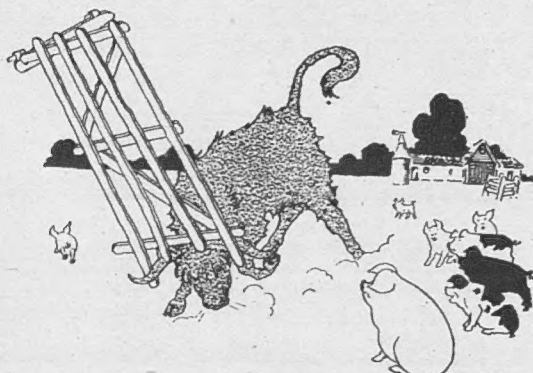
THE MAKING OF ANOTHER "SPLENDID NAME": LIEUT.-GEN. SIR CHARLES FERGUSSON, BT.

General Fergusson's troops stormed the junction of the Droicourt-Quéant and Hindenburg Lines, as mentioned in a despatch of September 3.

Photograph by Barnett.

the most trusted attendants, and he replied, "You're quite right, Sir. Legal gentlemen do get their hair cut often—K.C.s more than juniors, and Judges more than K.C.s. I think their kind of work stimulates the growth!" So now we know.

**A New "Peerage" Heir.** If there is anything in the world in which we are more interested than the arrival of a bride at the altar it is the arrival of a baby in a nursery. It is a very human interest, and I am sure we all deserve infinite credit over the arrival of the eagerly expected heir to the young Countess of Lisburne. At the present moment the youngster, who will be known to his school-fellows as Viscount Vaughan—or by, perhaps, some other more appropriate name which their ingenuity will invent for him—has not made any



BULL AND GATE—BUT NO TOREADOR.

"At Grey Gutter Farm, Rufford, a bull commenced to tamper with a gate. His head became entangled between two of the bars. He got into a terrible rage, lifted the gate bodily off its hinges and careered in the field before pitching headlong into a ditch, where he was found drowned."—*Daily Paper.*

remark about the situation of the war to compare with the remarkable utterances of President Wilson and other Allied statesmen. Still, he is progressing as well as can be expected, and, no doubt, will be wise in his time, like all of us—if we don't die too early.

### Roses Everywhere.

The little baby boy's mother is one of the most beautiful and romantic-looking women I have ever met. She is the elder daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, once Attaché of the Chilean Legation. The family of the Señora is exceedingly wealthy, and I shall never forget her "coming out" just two years before the war, when we were all invited to the magnificent "Ball of Roses" given by Señora de Bittencourt at the Ritz Hotel on that occasion. Hundreds of pounds were spent on roses. I confess I can never think of the event without being pervaded by an obstinate scent of roses, and believing, for once in my life, that roses are one of the most horrible things on earth. As the *chef* said, when he took off his white cap and white coat and became suddenly



A FAMOUS ACTOR'S SON APPOINTED COMMISSIONER OF POLICE: LT.-GEN. SIR NEVIL MACREADY. Sir Nevil Macready is a son of the great actor, the late W. C. Macready.

Photograph by Swaine.

blood and slaughter, to decide a bet—just for a real live bit of sport, you know—you would almost want them to win." Perhaps Mr. Gompers is right. At any rate, he knows our national character very well.

### How Not to be Bald!

Having been away from town for a few days, I was rather surprised to



MAKING GOOD IN "TELLING THE TALE" AT THE AMBASSADORS: Mlle. LUCIENNE DERVYLE.

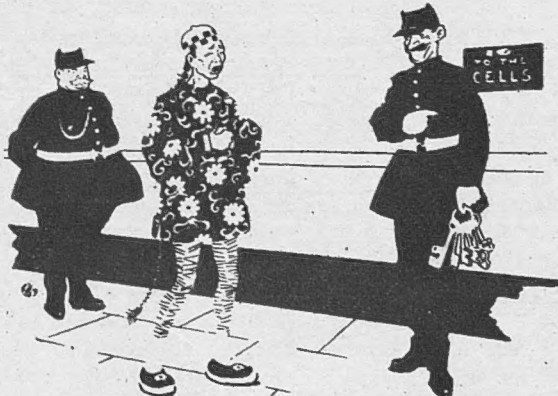
Photograph by Dobson Studios.

meet Mr. Justice Atkin in Carter's, the "official" legal barber's opposite the Law Courts. My surprise was caused by the fact that the last time I left Carter's Mr. Justice Atkin was in the same chair, having his hair cut in exactly the same fashion. I remarked upon this fact to one of



THE ORGANISER OF THE SEAMEN'S BOYCOTT OF GERMANS: MR. HAVE-LOCK WILSON.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.



AH MEE! LIKEWISE, WHO IS MEE!

"A Chinaman named Ah Mee was sent to prison for one month in the second division from the Thames Police Court for managing an opium den in Poplar. He was also recommended for deportation."—*Daily Paper.*

transformed into the likeness of an Allied nobleman, when he pointed with a dramatic gesture to the ball-room, "I should come over faint if I went down there." As you may judge, this admirable *chef* had been resident for a long time in England. He may have studied Browning. He may have admired "Oh to be in England now that April's there"; but he certainly did not admire "Roses, roses all the way."

### The Inquisitive Sergeant.

There is a Special Sergeant who is an undertaker in private life. He keeps on bothering the constables with interminable questions when he meets them on duty. "What would you do, Constable," he said the other night to a Special who was guarding a reservoir, "if a German spy were suddenly to jump out from those trees and throw a bomb on the reservoir?" The Special thought for a moment. "What would I do?" he said presently. "Well, I think I should send for you." "Send for me! Whatever for?" cried the inquisitive Sergeant. "Well, you're an undertaker, aren't you?" answered the Special.

### "Dinky."

Some women seem to have no idea of the relative value of adjectives or epithets. A golden, fluffy thing was looking at a picture of the wounded English soldiers in a hospital ward. "Don't they look dinky in their cots?" she exclaimed. Dinky! They might have been prize Poms instead of men who had bled for their country.

### A Fashionable Riverside Home.

What a rush there has been to Sutton Courtenay since the Asquiths emerged from their recesses in a Celtic twilight and took up a peculiarly beautiful riverside home for the riverside months. Mrs. Lindsay has let her charming house to Lord and Lady Weir for the season; and Lady Gwendolen Churchill is close at hand. Let us hope that everybody down at Sutton Courtenay will enjoy their late summer holiday without thought of any political intrigue against Mr. Lloyd George, although our supporters of the Prime Minister in the Press are prone to see a sinister significance in the mildest Special Constable who walks along a riverside beat in these days—a sensitiveness quite pardonable.



OLD FRIENDS: MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST (LEFT) AND MRS. DRUMMOND (CENTRE), AT THE OPENING OF THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

### War Phraseology.

"A bigger liar than the Kaiser," was how a constable described a man charged with begging at Bow Street the other day.

### Poetic License.

"I know why you call a German soldier a Hun, daddy," said the poet's youngest daughter. "Why?" queried the disciple of the Muse. "Because Hun rhymes with run," replied the child.—THE WORLDLING.



INVALIDED OUT OF THE ARMY AND NOW UNDERSTUDYING MR. GEORGE TULLY IN "THE MAN FROM TORONTO," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: MR. BASIL GORDON. Photograph by Foulham and Banfield, Ltd.



## SMALL TALK



THE Marchioness of Graham is at Brodick Castle, and the Marquess is officially connected with the Clyde defences, so it is safe to assume that he, too, gratifies the Arran islanders, who are always glad to see their landlord when official duties permit. The Marchioness's stay on the island has a patriotic as well as a

domestic explanation. She runs a hospital at Lamash, and conducts it on the principle that if you want a thing well done it is best to do it yourself. The Marquess, besides being heir to the Duke of Montrose, has, or had—the war has altered many things—the distinction of knowing more about marine engineering than any other nobleman, and was for a period President of the British Institution of Marine Engineers. He is something more than a theorist. Besides holding a master's certificate from the Board of Trade, he navigated the famous *Sunbeam* home from Australia some years ago.

#### The Son and Heir.

Lady Gloria Regina Mallet

ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN MACLEAN: THE HON. MURIEL BURNS.

The marriage of the Hon. Muriel Annette Burns, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Inverclyde, of Castle Wemyss, to Captain Maclean of Ardgour, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, is arranged to take place this month.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Vaughan, to give so small a person her full title, must henceforward share the affections of her parents, Lord and Lady Lisburne, with the welcome son and heir who made his appearance early last week. Though he bears an Irish title, the youthful Earl—he is only twenty-six—belongs to one of the oldest Cymric families. There have been Vaughans at Crosswood, the family seat in Cardiganshire, ever since 1200; and, what is rather remarkable in these democratic days, no one but the owners has ever occupied it.

#### Luck for the Peerage.

It may or may not be true that Lady Lisburne is the first Chilean recruit to the Peerage; it is certain that the Peerage was the richer by a beautiful and accomplished member when the seventh Earl of Lisburne married Mlle. Regina de Bittencourt, elder daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, Attaché at the Chilean Legation, just before war broke out. The event—almost, if not quite, the last social fixture of importance in the "season" of 1914—took place on July 17 at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. It is curious to reflect that of the "distinguished" company present on that occasion, probably not one could point to engagements of a more serious character than Goodwood, Cowes, "The Twelfth," or a "cure" at some foreign health resort. After the reception, "Lord and Lady Lisburne left for a motor-car tour on the Continent." Less than three weeks later, the peace of Europe was shattered, Cowes and "cures" alike were submerged in the rising tide of war, and engagements of a kind hitherto undreamed of occupied the attention alike of those who took part in them, and those who waited results with keen anxiety.



TO-MORROW'S BRIDE: MISS GLADYS TICHBORNE.

Miss Tichborne, whose wedding is to-morrow, is a daughter of the Rev. Canon Forde Tichborne, of Armagh. The bridegroom is Major Edmund Luard, son of Colonel A. J. H. Luard, D.S.O., late Norfolk Regiment.

Photograph by Lafayette.

#### The Kaiser and England.

that monarch. One would have thought that the German Emperor, so familiar with England and its institutions, would have known exactly the constitutional limitations of our King. Yet we find him perpetually asking, "What is the King of England doing?" when particularly irritated with some speech of Mr. Lloyd George or some audacity of Tommy Atkins. Apparently his Majesty considered that any action inconvenient to him on the part of the head of a foreign State was a kind of treachery. Thus he calls President Wilson a "scoundrel" in the presence of the dentist, who appears to have treated the incident with a gentleness not very common in American citizens when their country

The American dentist who is giving the *Times* his Reminiscences of the Kaiser during war-time throws a singular light on the mentality of

is insulted. Surely it was a German and not a French popular natural history which described an animal as very wicked because it defended itself when attacked.

#### The Princely Manners.

Wilhelm II., it would seem, is not the only member of his family with manners to match his Hun origin. Lady Limerick is credited with a story which throws an interesting light on politeness as it is practised by the Hohenzollerns. Prince Henry, a fellow-guest at the house of an Irish Peer, fell to discussing Ireland with her Ladyship, who ventured to remark that it was "a pretty country." But the Prince was not concerned with prettiness. "They are the most undisciplined people I know," roared his unmannerly Highness. "It would take me and my Germans to discipline Ireland!"—and the Prussian fist came banging down on the table.

#### She Can Garden.

Mention of the Countess reminds me that the Dowager Lady Limerick has been turning her knowledge of gardening to good war-time use. Her activities in this direction, though they do not entitle her to possession of

the green armlet of the blameless Government land-worker, have earned her the gratitude of those who put in so many hours of unselfish hard work at the Surgical Requisites Association in Mulberry Walk. The gay border that helps to make the little rough flagged Chelsea garden so attractive owes its existence to the united efforts of herself and her daughter, Lady Florence Pery. Early rising is not commonly accounted among the virtues owned by those entitled to a place in "Debrett." But it is no uncommon thing for the titled gardeners to be hard at work by nine o'clock—an arrangement that allows the Dowager Countess to attend to surgical boot-making operations during workshop hours.



ENGAGED TO LIEUT. JULLIEN: MISS JOAN FLOWDEN.

Miss Joan Chicheley Plowden, younger daughter of Sir Henry Meredith Plowden and Lady Plowden, of Pinewood, Sunninghill, is engaged to Lieutenant Charles Armand Marie Jullien, Croix de Guerre, Regiment d'Artillerie, son of M. Charles Jullien, Officier de la Légion d'Honneur.

Photograph by Bassano.



MARRIED TO A PEER'S SON: MISS DOROTHY CAYLEY (THE HON. MRS. JOHN CROSSLEY).

Miss Dorothy Frances Cayley, whose marriage to the Hon. John de Bathe Crossley, Yeomanry, second son of Lord and Lady Somerleyton, took place yesterday, Sept. 10, is the elder daughter of the late Captain Sir Edward Cayley and Lady Mary Cayley, who is a sister of the second Earl of Wharcliffe.

Photograph by Langfieri.



A HOSPITAL WORKER: THE HON. MRS. HAROLD ADDINGTON.

The Hon. Mrs. Addington, who is interesting herself in hospital work, is the wife of Colonel the Hon. Harold William Addington, uncle of Viscount Sidmouth. Our portrait is from a miniature by Alfred Praga, R.B.A.



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## THE LEVEN AND MELVILLE,—FOLJAMBE WEDDING: A GROUP.



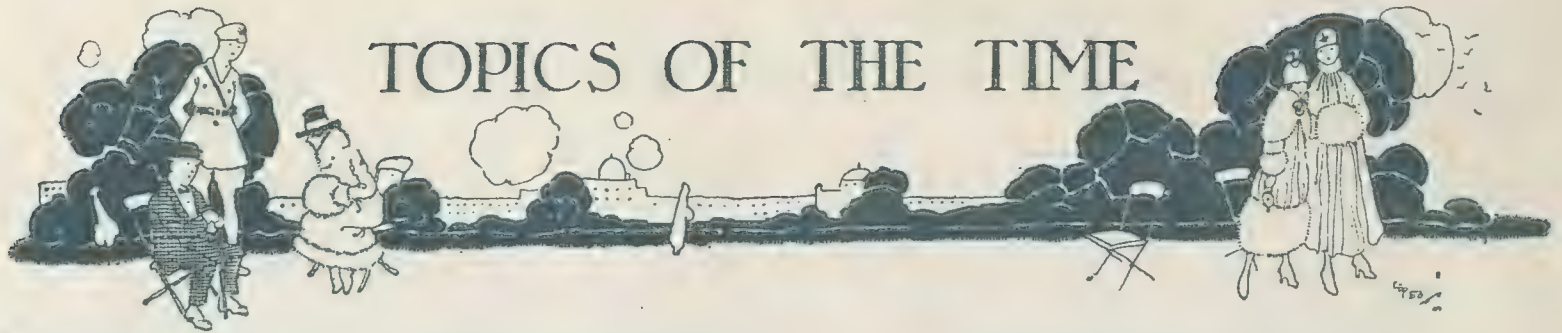
*After the Ceremony: Lord Leven and Melville;  
His Bride (Lady Rosamond Foljambe); and the  
Bride's Attendants.*

St. George's, Hanover Square, was filled by a distinguished congregation on Sept. 3, for the marriage of the Earl of Leven and Melville and Lady Rosamond Foljambe, youngest daughter of the late Earl of Liverpool, and half-sister of the present Earl. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Gerald Foljambe, wore white charmeuse over cloth-of-silver, with a train of old family Brussels lace.

Miss Monica Willoughby (right), in rose-pink georgette, acted as bridesmaid, and the two little train-bearers were Miss Rosamond Woodburn (left), and Miss Barbara Woodburn, who wore dresses similar to that of the bridesmaid. The Earl of St. Germans (Dragoons) acted as best man, and Captain the Hon. Ian Leslie Melville and the Hon. Robert Foljambe conducted the guests to seats. The bridegroom is in the Dragoons.

*Photograph by Langier, Ltd., Old Bond Street.*





NEWS in Germany of strikes in England is joy to the enemy's heart and strength to his elbow. And the cry continues and spreads, "Let's go on strike, and we shall get more money!" We know at last what the Hidden Hand is. It is the hand that downs tools at every stage of Tommy's progress and of Fritz's retreat.

The view was promising in France—our sons beheld a clearer sky; and we, through them, could see a chance of certain war-clouds passing by. But when 'twas known about the land that Tommy had been blessed with luck, uprose the awful Hidden Hand and ordered strikes—and miners struck.

Again the news was good; again the Hidden Hand came out to spoil, and victory won by blood and pain proved so much blinkin' useless toil! Munitioneers (that ill-waged band!) must have *their* little game of "chuck"; which having planned, the Hidden Hand pursued the 'Bus Girl, and *she* struck!

And yet again the news was fair—the boys more wondrous deeds had done; and yet again a dark despair became a sunbeam to the Hun! For lo, a white-gloved Hidden Hand held up the traffic of their pluck, and ordered Law itself to stand and join the strikers! *And it struck!*

But the Hidden Hand hasn't had it all its own way. Patriotism can be damaged, but not beyond repair. Miners, munitioneers, and 'bus girls are back again at their respective occupations, and you and I are once more safe in the keeping of authorities who defy Authority!

And as to the great order of minor poets—now a formidable community in itself—there have actually been complaints in high-brow quarters that they are spoiling poetry by patriotism! I have been reading one of our literary monthlies in which it is feared that poetry inspired by beautiful things (including the much-rhymed-to

The Muse who weekly fills my pen with something sweet or sad is crazy now on soldier-men, and patriotic-mad. Of Poetry's garb my lady Muse has thrown off every rag, and stands arrayed from hat to shoes in bits of British flag! Lengths of British flag, Phyllis—lengths of British flag! She simply goes, from head to toes, in bits of British flag!



ONE OF THE HEROINES OF PERVYSE TO MARRY: MISS MAIRI CHISHOLM AND CAPTAIN W. T. HALL, WHO ARE ENGAGED. Miss Chisholm is now an officer of the W.R.A.F., and is training women officers of that service. Captain Hall, M.C., R.A.F., is training flying officers.

Photograph by News Illustrations.

I told her early in the week I wanted her advice before I got my pen to speak to someone rather nice. I wanted tender lines that ran on lovers' smiles and tears. She rose and whistled like a man "The British Grenadiers"! British Grenadiers, Phyllis, British Grenadiers; the only thing my Muse would sing was "British Grenadiers"!

I told her you were very fair and precious and the rest. I mentioned that your golden hair was longer than she guessed. I vowed like comets were your eyes—of course, without their tails. And this is how my Muse replies, "God bless the Prince of Wales!" Bless the Prince of Wales, Phyllis, Bless the Prince of Wales! She bobbed her head and simply said, "God bless the Prince of Wales!"

I said I loved with all my might, and likewise all my main, and begged of her to help me write what burned within my brain. But lo, she gave a drum a bang, which nearly bust the thing, the while she marched about and sang, "God save our gracious King!" Save our gracious King, Phyllis, save our gracious King! Her burden, Miss, was simply this—"God save our gracious King!"

You don't happen to have such a thing as a witch about you? Mr. Maskelyne's male magicians having been spirited away for work of national importance, St. George's Hall might become an illusion itself if no one could be found to take their place; and Mr. Maskelyne thinks that women might make pleasant careers for themselves at England's Home of Mystery.

The Maskelyne magicians bold, responding to their country's call, have recently, it seems, been told their "Home" is now St. Georgette's Hall! To think that we should ever see the line 'twixt sex and sex so thin that Maskelyne itself should be another name for Feminine!

A. B. M.



FLAGGING HIS HOME TOWN: AN AMERICAN SAILOR AND THE BIG MAP AT THE EAGLE HUT.

In the Y.M.C.A.'s Eagle Hut there is a big map of the United States, which is put to novel use. American soldiers and sailors visiting the Hut write their names and States on flags, and stick them in their home towns. This enables men from the same towns to meet—especially as announcements are made also by an attendant with a megaphone.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Phyllis) is no longer connected with the ambition of our budding Shelleys and Byrons and Tennysons, who are killing the future of true poetry by paying far too much attention to the Muse of the British Flag! Fancy that, now! I must write off at once to neglected Phyllis and explain the situation.



# "AS YOU WERE": IN THE DAYS OF THE TROJAN WAR.



SIX "LITTLE BITS OF GREECE," IN MELTING MOOD AND ATTIC ATTITUDE: THE GREEK DANCERS IN THE "ATHENS" SCENE OF THE PAVILION REVUE.



NEW LIGHT ON GREEK HISTORY: MLE. DELYSIA AS HELEN OF TROY, M. MORTON AS PARIS, AND DIOGENES (CUM TUB) AS A PRO-TROJAN.

The author of "As You Were," the delightful revue at the London Pavilion, is no pedantic stickler for strict chronology. Thus our old friend Diogenes, who was a contemporary of Alexander the Great, turns up, tub and all, in the days of Paris and Helen—a little matter of eight

centuries or so earlier. Diogenes must have swallowed one of Sir Bilyon Boost's magic pills, which transported him hither and thither about the ages. At the Pavilion Paris woos Helen at Athens. Perhaps she had left Sparta for a holiday at the seaside.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



# WORTH A GUINEA A BOX—AT THE PAVILION:



"THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS": Mlle. DELYSIA  
AS HELEN OF TROY.



"BEAUTIFUL PARIS, EVIL-HEARTED PARIS":  
M. MORTON AS PARIS.



"GAILY THE TROUBADOUR": M. MORTON AS HUN-  
PLEZZANT, AT THE COURT OF THE HUNZOLLERN.

The period transformations of "As You Were," at the Pavilion, are brought about by means of a magic pill. Thus a certain disillusioned millionaire, Sir Bilyon Boost, living in the year 2018 A.D., seeking to escape from wars and women, transports himself to various epochs of the past, always to find that the same



# A PILL IN A BILYON, WITH MAGIC PROPERTIES.



DANCING FASHIONS OF 2018 A.D.: Mlle. DELYSIA AS LADY BOOST, AND M. MORTON AS KIKI.



HELLENISED BY A JUDICIOUS DERANGEMENT OF HIS SHIRT: MR. JOHN HUMPHRIES AS SIR BILYON BOOST.



DRESSED *à la mode* A CENTURY HENCE: Mlle. DELYSIA AS LADY BOOST IN THE YEAR 2018, IN HER STORK DRESS.

two troubles beset the lot of man. His wife, Lady Boost, reappears every time in a different guise—now as Helen of Troy, now as Ninon de l'Enclos, and so on, always with the same lover (also in a different guise), who has made trouble in Sir Bilyon's house in Pork Lane, to which they all eventually return.



# SIR BILYON AND LADY BOOST AND KIKI: THE



1. "SWALLOW, MY SISTER, SISTER SWALLOW" AND OTHER FEATHERED BIPEDS: BIRDS IN "A PRIMÆVAL FOREST."  
 3. PLUCKED: (L. TO R.) MISS MONA VIVIAN AS ANNA; M. MORTON AS HUNPLEZZANT; MLE. DELYSIA AS HUNDINE; AND MR. HUMPHRIES AS SIR BILYON BOOST.

The plot of "As You Were," at the Pavilion, demonstrates again that popular stage proposition, "the eternal triangle." Here it is constructed of Sir Bilyon Boost, millionaire, Lady Boost, his wife, and Kiki, her lover. Lady Boost is in the habit of extracting cash from Sir Bilyon and handing it on to Kiki, a process which continues



ETERNAL TRIANGLE AS AT THE PAVILION.



2. BOOSTED : (L. TO R.) M. LEON MORTON AS KIKI, MR. JOHN HUMPHRIES AS SIR BILYON BOOST, AND Mlle. ALICE DELYSIA AS LADY BOOST.

4. THE BASE OF THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE ASSUMES THE RED CROSS: Mlle. ALICE DELYSIA (CENTRE, STANDING) AND OTHER NURSES, in every period into which Sir Bilyon's pills transport him. In the "Primæval Forest" the birds are Misses Noreena Feist (Cuckoo), May Flower (Male Swallow), Daisy Hancox (Female Swallow), Kathleen Maude (Male Humming-Bird), Iris Rowe (Female Humming-Bird), Meum Stewart (Male Love-Bird); and Irene Thomas (Female Love-Bird).





## WITTY THOUGH WOUNDED.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")



As we were going that Saturday to Lady Drogheda's regatta in aid of the Royal Air Force Hospitals—it was a great success, by the way, and shows that the Countess has a keen river instinct as well as that of the air (Lady Drogheda is an accomplished *aviatrice*)—our punt passed a skiff in which were some wounded soldiers. For some time before they actually neared us I had noticed with surprise that their boat left in its wash loud hilarity among the other craft. I was wondering at that, for a boatful of blue yous has nothing either funny or unusual these days. But as they approached I began to understand and enjoy myself—the wounded yous were chaffing the crowd. I vastly regret to this

day that we could not follow them, and that I had no note-book with me, but these are some of the witticisms that I treasured as they passed. Addressing a lady in a punt who was closely following an energetic gentleman swimming against the current, the wounded queried quaintly, to the delight of all within earshot:

"Rat-catching as a profession."

"Help! Help! What did you shove him in for?" The lady in the punt looked prettily pink; as to the swimmer, poor soul, he did not seem to know whether to let the Thames hide him altogether or bravely board his boat and support his spouse!

A little lower the wounded spied some ducks ducking and diving after the manner of ducks, upon which, looking not at the ducks, but in the direction of two pretty girls preparing tea in their punt, the wounded cooed caressingly, "Cluck, cluck! Oh, the pretty duckies! Come nearer, ducky-ducks—they want a nice piece of cake, the dicky-birds!"

The girls giggled in their tea.

The boat of the boys in blue now neared one in which a dear old lady, grey-haired and dignified, was knitting diligently, paddled along by her little grandson. Looking up, she saw those wounded men, and, with a sweet, sympathetic smile, she stopped her knitting and waved warmly as they passed. Some of the boys waved back, another blew her a kiss; but one, at whom it was impossible not to laugh, shook his head severely and simply said, "Oh, naughty! naughty!"—and grandmother actually blushed, the dear!

It is not only wounded Tommies who have the gift of wit. A young officer wrote from the front the other day the following amusing repartee, which he says he had heard with his own ears. He was passing with a comrade in what had once been a village, but which was now destruction, desolation, a desert of débris, with here and there odd pieces of furniture peeping out of the ruins. "By Jove," said he to his pal, "look at that! Why, wasn't it the place where you were billeted last winter?"

"Yes," answered the man, looking round regretfully; "but then, I always was a restless sleeper!"

Not knowing geography very well, I always imagined that the famous garden of the Hesperides was in the East, far, fair, and

fragrant. But not a bit of it. I have this August discovered that the garden of the golden apples is somewhere on the South Coast, where apples are sold—and bought—at 3s. 6d. a pound, and everything *en suite*.

And it is not only the apples that are golden this year, *mes bonnes gens*; every fur coat will be as precious, rare, and difficult as the famous fleece of Jason. My mixed mythology is due to the fact that my poor brain is hard debating whether to have my several-winter coat patched up at the same price as a pre-war brand-new one was, or whether to embrace rat-catching as a profession! You are, of course, aware that camouflaged rat is one of the most effective of furs?

A current joke these past winters from the shabby, chilly mortal to the furry, comfortable one was, "What, a new fur coat! Have you gone on munitions, then?" But now even munitionerettes may well pause at the price of pelts.

Meanwhile, who buys the strange things one sees in some shops? I saw this yesterday with my own eyes—yes, before lunch—an afternoon dress of black satin and ninon (so far, good), and a jumper decorated with a pattern of elephants charging in a jungle! Where is the brave lady who will thus defy the hunter? And who will sleep in the chaste sleeping-suit of virginal all-white *crêpe-de-Chine* upon which queries (yes, like this—?) had been embroidered in black? It had much more subtlety and finesse than the elephants. But again, who is the lady?

I thought I knew London, but as I was re-doing it last week with an American you I was unable to tell him where two of the London landmarks of two years ago have gone to to-day. One was the Stead Bureau in Kingsway, which is now a restaurant for women-workers; and the other was the seat of the S.P.R. in St. Martin's Lane, where now reigns Cox (well known to yous all!) No wonder the notes yous draw from there disappear as if by magic. They are spirited away. Many a *séance* was held where Cox now counts coins!

Nowhere as in America has spiritualism so great a hold, and my friend was very disappointed I could not tell him where the Society now sits.

Apropos of which I would like to tell my readeresses that the fine poem of Lady Sybil Grant, "The Unseen Presence," which met with so much eager interest when it first appeared in the *Poetry Review* of March-April, has just been reprinted in response to a general demand.



"In the East—far, fair, and fragrant."



## OF SYDNEY, N.S.W.: THE WIFE OF A K.R.R. OFFICER.



MARRIED TO LORD ROSSLYN'S HEIR: LADY LOUGHBOROUGH.

Lady Loughborough is the wife of Lord Loughborough, the son of the Earl of Rosslyn by his first marriage, and was, before her wedding, which took place in 1915, Miss Margaret Sheila Mackellar Chisholm, the daughter of Mr. Harry Chisholm, of Sydney, New South Wales. She has a little son, the Hon. Anthony Hugh Francis Harry St. Clair-

Ersine, born in 1917. Lord Loughborough, who was born in 1892, is in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and was formerly a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. He served in the Dardanelles, in 1915, and was wounded. Lord and Lady Loughborough reside at 12, Stanhope Place, Hyde Park, W.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]





## THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



THE teasing thing about Sylvia, in Mr. Compton Mackenzie's new book, is that she is in the centre of the stage for five hundred pages, and nothing really happens. Her chief occupation is jilting, and she jilts as she accepts—indiscriminately. She thieves and runs away, and routs the ranters out of a village church, and talks Petronius in the middle of her 'teens, and all that; but she shows no power of selection in her lovers, any more than the author does in his incidents. She is just as casual with her guardians, her husbands, and her clients—or patrons, whichever it is. The real change comes when she gets jilted herself at the finish of the second book, and decides for foreign parts. The rest is another story soon to come, and I dare say there will be a queue when Mr. Secker announces the book to be ready. But another five hundred pages of minor episodes "nothing doing" rather dims the fairy prospect; it suggests, as one of Sylvia's friends said, the trickle of "water running out of a bath." But there is no mistake about the snap and sparkle of Sylvia's talk. She remains the dominant element all through, and it is for the evolution of her character that the book will find readers—and retain them.

There is just such another precocious young person in "The Year Between," for Jan Ellice marries a Coolgardie mine-foreman whose passion for deglutition is frequent and free. A better man becomes her guardian, but clears off to the war, and puts poor Jan into pawn with his people. The rest of the book consists mainly of their correspondence, with plenty of love-longings on the one side and Anzac valour on the other. But it is none of it very gay; and the same applies to the diary style of "Verdun Days," in spite of its witty cuts at some of the people who come to help and only hinder.

Mr. Putnam Weale is one of the very few men who make the Chinese intelligible to war-worn minds. Whether he writes frank politics or history, or whether he weaves his knowledge into fiction and "Indiscreet Letters," he fathoms the gulfs of the most Oriental

of races, and brings the Celestials, you may say, down to earth. This time he tells the story of the General Boulanger of China, Yuan Shi-Kai, and brings him down lower still—that is to say, to a well-deserved oblivion. Yuan's innings, while it lasted, makes the most enthralling chapter in the history of the land of yellow gloom, and, happily, it ended early. Indeed, when you consider the heavy mortality among upstarts and revolutionaries, it worries one to think of the tussle it requires to depose the greatest miscreant of them all—the Bristled Bounder of Berlin. Mr. Weale,

place of honour for his diary, which Germany seems to have placed at the top of its "Index Expurgatorius." The man who could forego a screw of £20,000 a year, besides odd pickings, and walk out of Krupp's factory into the daylight of honest denunciation, is no common man—and, indeed, this is no common book. It stamps the man who wrote it as worthy of a place alongside Prince Lichnowsky for his downright faculty of telling the truth and shaming the Hun. Read what he had to say at the time of the criminal stampede through Belgium: "Our action is more unscrupulous than anything ever done by Bismarck or anyone like him, and even a victorious war would not restore to us the confidence of Europe and the rest of the world." Nothing deadlier could proceed from the whole of Krupp's arsenals, and it is only one of many heads in the great indictment the Doctor has to put on record against the Great Iniquity.

Mr. Douglas Newton is one of the vividest writers who have been interpreting the war for us from what we may call the Fleet Street front, and he has shown already that he can tell a dramatic story. This time, instead of paralysing us with the possibilities of invasion through Kent by force of arms, he sets up another kind of invasion through German spies, and whips us up and down the East Coast with a car that is equal to anything in the cinema world. He rather overdoes the spy supply at the finish, and the interest of buried treasure, but there is no doubt about the pace and thrill of it all, and I can see the book making a capital film before very long.

If novels were to be judged by their endings, as poems too often are by their rhymes, how many or few would stand the test? "Merchandise" is one of them assuredly, nor is the ending everything, for this story of modern Australian life abounds in action all the way through. Mr. Bridges plays well and securely on the notes of three generations, and cross-loves and separation and the rest of it. But when the last supreme temptation comes to the hero, and Mrs. Cardner is in her glory, it is effective drama to put the corrective influence in the mouth of a hard customer like Groves. It is the Gallipoli news that does it. A desperate man reels under the loss of his son, and goes back to duty to console the wife and mother. Tense and true, it is well and powerfully told.



IN MEMORY OF THE SON OF A POPULAR COMEDIAN: THE BUST OF CAPTAIN JOHN LAUDER.

Mr. Hugh Cairns, the sculptor who modelled this fine bust of the son of the famous Scottish comedian, was a lifelong friend of the father of the brave young officer of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who died in France, and produced the bust from a single photograph and his own vivid personal recollection of the young soldier. The bust was draped with the Stars and Stripes, and with the British flag presented by King George. It was unveiled by Lieutenant-Colonel William Menzies.

Photograph by Thomas Ellison.



AN ASSIDUOUS WAR-WORKER: MISS IRIS FORD.

Miss Iris Ford has been an energetic worker during the war-years, and at present is busily engaged with her duties at the American Hospital for Officers, at Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

curiously enough, contends that China has always been a land where the people have ruled; and it is interesting to watch, as you read, how the incredible grows into the plausible, and the plausible into the convincing.

Talking of Berlin and Essen and all that, Dr. Mühlton claims a

### BOOKS TO READ.

- The War Cache. By W. Douglas Newton. (Sampson, Low.)
- The Early Life and Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett. By Compton Mackenzie. (Secker.)
- The Fight for the Republic in China. By B. L. Putnam Weale. (Hurst and Blackett.)
- Dr. Mühlton's Diary. (Cassell.)
- Verdun Days in Paris. By Marjorie Grant. (Collins.)
- The Year Between. By D. Egerton Jones. (Cassell.)
- Merchandise. By Roy Bridges. (Hodder and Stoughton.)



CANOE-DLERS ?



REFLECTIONS I

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



## PELMANISM.

By Admiral LORD BERESFORD, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.

AT the invitation of the Directors I have investigated the Pelman system. I judge it from the experience gained during the fifty years I was associated with the training of officers, men, and boys in the Royal Navy. The old sailing Navy provided the finest possible mental and physical training. It taught initiative, presence of mind, accurate observation, habitual defiance of danger, ready resource, and an extraordinary hardihood. At sea a man holds his life on the condition that he possesses these qualities. Frequent emergencies are part of the ordinary routine, and the penalty of failing to meet them is inevitable. There is no arguing with a gale of wind.

Things happen oftener at sea than on land. There are moments when they happen so suddenly that there is no time to give an order, and a man must act instantly on his own initiative, and act rightly, or it will be too late. It was for this reason that the old sail drill and seamanship training were extremely rigorous. Neither the modern seaman nor the landsman owns any conception of the severity of sail drill in a fleet, in which each ship strove to outdo the other, and in which many a man lost his life by falling from aloft. The emulation inspired by the competition of ship with ship in the Fleet made a powerful motive for exertion and smartness. There was not then, and is not now, anything comparable with it on land. When the Navy changed from sail to steam it became necessary to devise other methods to train the seaman to smartness, agility, and resource. . . .

Broadly speaking, the character and the abilities of the competent seaman enable him, should he leave the sea and enter a shore occupation, to learn it readily and to achieve success in a new career. Compared with the conditions which he has been accustomed to face and the difficulties he habitually solves at sea, the seaman finds life ashore a much easier business. Now if we reverse the case and send a landsman to sea, at first he would be helpless.

The object of the Pelman system is to enable the individual to bring all his powers into harmonious action. It would be true to say that to enable the student rightly to use his native abilities is the object of all education. The education of the sea, which is the system I know best, certainly fulfils that purpose. Now a great part of the education of a boy consists in learning how to use his powers, but without knowing what he is doing. He is set to learn lessons and to perform tasks day by day, the use of which he often fails to perceive. He does not understand, and he is not told, that the work he is made to do teaches him how to use his intellect. He thinks that education consists in acquiring information, in which very often he takes no interest whatever. Nevertheless, if he does the work required of him he learns to use his powers unconsciously.

The Pelman system teaches the man and the woman both how to use their undeveloped faculties, consciously; and how, consciously, to make the best use of the ability and the knowledge they already possess.

Now, in almost every person, in addition to imperfectly developed faculties, there exists a reserve of latent power and ability, of which the individual himself is usually unconscious. It exists not only in those who have never received an adequate education, but in persons of high education and of considerable achievement. In the course of ordinary life it is often observable that a sudden emergency will call forth an ability to meet it. During the present war, for instance, there have been innumerable examples of men who have done what they never dreamed of doing, and who have achieved what they would have thought impossible. Necessity, danger, and circumstance have forced them to draw upon their reserve powers.

The Pelman system teaches how consciously to develop and employ reserve powers. It teaches, first of all, that their existence is a fact; then how to call upon them, and then how to make their use habitual. Again, it is a part of the very remarkable ingenuity of the system that it applies to the uneducated and the educated alike. The man of slow intellect will, naturally, find the course more difficult than the man who owns a high degree of mental capacity; but both will use the same methods. The requisite differentiation is made in the help given by means of the work-papers by the staff of the Pelman Institute. The answers to the questions set in the work-papers enable the members of the staff to give the student the particular advice he needs. The work-papers are examination papers, the answers to whose questions reveal to what purpose the student has read the books of the course; but they are more. To answer the questions it is necessary that the student should use not merely his memory but his reason; and, therefore, his answers indicate the degree of his mental ability. Hence it is that a student may fail to answer a single question correctly, yet he may be receiving as much benefit from the exercise as a student who correctly answers all the questions.

The Pelman system does not, except incidentally, impart information. It teaches the student how to gain the information he needs in the quickest way. And this practical ability is not acquired by learning a trick, but by consciously observing and following the

natural laws which regulate the mind. The information in question may be practical or theoretical; it may consist in technical practice, or in the result of observation, or in the knowledge to be gained from books; the method of acquiring it is the same.

And the Pelman system also teaches the student how to retain his knowledge. *It teaches him how to remember.* There are, of course, certain peculiar defects of memory which no system can cure. Nor can the Pelman system restore the failing memory of old age, though in many cases the course will improve it. But, apart from these exceptions, the system produces an extraordinary improvement in the power of memory. What is called a bad memory is usually due rather to mental indolence than to mental defect. The Pelman system shows the student how to overcome that indolence, and also teaches various methods, based upon the natural laws of association, each of which is devised to apply to a particular kind of knowledge—as, for instance, signalling, the parts of a ship, identification of a ship's company, historical events and their dates, and a series of miscellaneous items.

In middle life, when the energy of youth is waning, when the illusions of youth are dissolving, and when the hopes of youth are fading, a man tends to relax, both physically and mentally. His choice is determined, and the incentive of ambition has wasted away. Because he no longer makes the effort required to keep him in condition his muscles become soft, his chest narrows, his shoulders stoop, his latitude increases out of all proportion to his longitude. At the same time his mental processes become stereotyped; he becomes insusceptible to new ideas; and he begins to lose initiative. It is for this reason that I have always advocated the making of Admirals at a much younger age than the age at which Captains are promoted under the present system.

Now, as a course of physical training and continued physical exercise will restore the middle-aged to bodily efficiency, and enable them to retain vigour and agility to extreme old age, so a course of mental training and continued mental exercise will restore the middle-aged to mental enterprise, perception, and initiative, enabling them to make full use of that experience which is their recompense for the loss of their youth. The Pelman system provides the course of mental training and teaches the method of continued exercises required.

The test of the value of the Pelman system, like the test of the value of any other system, is the result. What is the testimony of the students who have taken the Course? I have read many letters written by students when they have completed their course. These epistles are signed by men in every profession and trade, and in every rank of them. The Services contribute letters from Admirals down ranks and ratings to ordinary seamen and stokers, and from Generals to privates, and it is remarkable that almost without exception these documents affirm the benefit received by the writers from the Pelman course of study.

Many of the letters received by the Pelman Institute from the lower deck and from the ranks during the Course begin with an apology for delay in sending their work-papers. The seaman explains that just as he was sitting down in his mess to the work his ship was ordered to sail, and he has since had no time to spare by day or by night. The soldier says that just as he was lying down in his dug-out and engaging in Pelmanism by the light of a solitary candle the Boche attacked, and after it was all over he could not find his papers. But they stick to the Course in spite of all.

The Pelman Institute, as I understand the matter, does not profess to work miracles. What it does profess to accomplish is to enable a man to make the best use of the abilities he already, consciously or unconsciously, possesses. The first condition of success is willingness to learn. The student must be prepared to do his part. It is not always an easy part, but it is fair to say both that it is always possible and always interesting.

Nor does the Pelman system supplant any system of education. There are systems of education, such as sea-training, Army-training, training to a handicraft, school and university training, which enable the intelligent and zealous student to use his powers to the full. But even to him the Pelman system would probably serve to bring to his consciousness methods which he is using unconsciously, and thereby strengthening his use of them. In any case, the mental technique imparted by the Pelman system must be valuable to the most instructed.

Quite frankly, the Pelman system is devised to help a man or a woman to achieve practical, material success, sometimes expressible in terms of money. Why not?

If the main principles of the system were to be defined, I should describe them as inculcating self-reliance, and the perfecting of the mind, memory, and mental equipment generally, the essential condition of success in any career.

*Write to the Secretary, the Pelman Institute, 41, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1., and by return you will receive a copy of "Mind and Memory" (containing full particulars of the Pelman Course), a copy of "Truth's" latest (Fourth) report on the Pelman System, and a form enabling you to enrol for the complete course for one-third less than the usual fees.*

*Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.*



## WHY I AM A PELMANIST.

By "SAPPER,"

Author of "Sergeant Michael Cassidy," "Men, Women, and Guns," etc.

SOME months ago—more out of curiosity than anything else—I took up Pelmanism. I wished to find out whether there was, indeed, some new and wonderful system which could transform mediocrity into brilliance, and failure into success. So I borrowed the money for the course, and started looking for the catch. I am still looking. . . .

Now, I do not propose to go into the question of how Pelmanism obtains its results. To attempt to do so would necessitate going into what Pelmanism is. If anybody wants to find that out, let him follow my example: borrow the money, and see for himself. He will never regret it.

But I do propose to say something of the state of mind induced by Pelmanism in a student who takes it up *in earnest*. For on that state of mind depends entirely his judgment of the system.

Now, let there be no mistake about one thing: we are discussing the student who takes it up in earnest. The man who enrolls as a Pelmanist, who reads the books and does the exercises like a parrot, and then sits down and waits for the boodle to roll in, will do a powerful lot of sitting. . . .

Pelmanism is a system of education; nothing more, nothing less. Where it differs from other systems is that it educates. This is a very large claim, and one which great numbers of people will find incredible. They will point to all our methods of education, and say, frankly, that it is ridiculous. They will quote at length from the many books that have been written about education lately—especially the public school system. If such a thing, they say, were true, our social system would be undermined. Personally, I am not sure it hasn't been.

Let us consider for a moment this question of an education which educates compared to one which does not. So many people have written on the latter; so few on the former. It is so easy to criticise destructively. . . .

It is an undoubted fact that an intimate knowledge of the French irregular verbs, and the insensate demands of the gardener for pens, ink, and paper, will not materially help the student to travel through France.

It is an undoubted fact that the sole test for which we are trained is an examination; to that end a boy is crammed and forced—and, having passed it, nothing more matters. He can forget everything, and he promptly does, naturally.

It is a far, far better thing to throw explosive bombs at the science master than to dabble in abstruse chemical formulæ. The boy is not going to be a chemist—he wants to go into the Army. He is being taught what he doesn't want to learn. And so it is a failure. Thus the destructive critic fulminates, and everybody agrees that it is very dreadful. . . . But he suggests no alternative, and so everybody, after a brief mental upheaval, relapses again into sleep. Only Pelmanism has remained awake, and has produced an answer—a constructive answer, as, moreover, a successful answer, in the opinion of those who have tried.

It is successful because its students learn what they want to learn, and are, therefore, keen. A simple fundamental fact, wherein Pelmanism differs from all other systems of education; a simple fundamental fact which makes the difference between success and failure.

And so we come to the consideration of what is this thing which Pelmanism teaches, and which its students wish to be taught? It is well-nigh impossible to sum up the course in a phrase: it is altogether too big a thing. And yet, perhaps, it can be done—more or less. Pelmanism, as I see it, teaches human nature—your own and the other man's.

The system takes a man's thought-box and proceeds to tell the owner how he can improve it. It sends the student's brain to a mental gymnasium. It gives him concise instructions as to what he is to do, and when he carries out those instructions conscientiously he finds the system is right. He begins to realise that his mind is capable of being drilled and expanded exactly the same as his body. And, moreover, he finds that just as the fitter his body becomes the more work it can do, so the fitter his mind is the more it can accomplish. Things come easier to him; he has no difficulty in taking on more. His brain, in fact, is being drilled, and is developing accordingly.

Moreover, there is another point which is worthy of note. The exercises—though only a means to an end—are in themselves interesting.

The results speak for themselves. From a financial point of view I, personally, am not qualified to speak, except to state the axiomatic truth that a man or woman whose brain is efficient must be worth more in the world market than one whose brain is untrained. And Pelmanism trains the untrained mind; that is its *raison d'être*. But from an intellectual point of view the thing can be put in a nutshell. It is not good to go through life blind; and yet thousands do so. Their brains are blind: they see and do not appreciate—they hear and do not understand. Pelmanism brings that appreciation and that understanding. Therefore, it would seem worth while to Pelmanise, for it is certainly worth while to understand.

## THE MILITARY VALUE OF PELMANISM.

By Major-General Sir F. MAURICE, K.C.M.G., C.B.,  
(Late Director of Military Operations.)

THE Duke of Wellington described the quality of courage particularly needed by a military leader as "one-o'clock-in-the-morning courage." I take it that by this he meant that the greatest test of leadership is the power to make cool, quick, and reasoned decisions at a time when vitality is at its lowest, and mental and physical strain greatest. The Duke might have said with equal justice that the particular kind of memory most needed in war is the one-o'clock-in-the-morning memory. It is a comparatively easy matter to remember when life is running smoothly, when one is well fed, rested, and undisturbed; but to remember even essentials when things are going wrong, when one is hungry, tired, and surrounded by noise and clamour, is quite another matter. This has always been recognised in the training of armies for war, and military authority has always insisted that it is not enough for a soldier to know how to perform any particular exercise or duty, but that he must know it so well as to be able to carry it out automatically when his mind, owing to strain or disturbance, has ceased to function normally. This is why drill plays such a large part in the training of the soldier for war.

Now the Pelman system provides mind-drill based on scientific principles, and taught by experienced instructors. It claims to produce not only a good memory, but concentration, self-confidence, self-control, initiative, and observation, and the thousands of letters received from soldiers who have taken the course, both before and during the war, show that it makes no empty claim.

Now there are few qualities which are more essential for the soldier than these, and, in fact, all the official drill-books in use before the war preached their importance, and indicated, though somewhat vaguely and uncertainly, the methods of producing them. In the renaissance of military training that followed the South African War the Army began to recognise that his eyes are amongst a soldier's most important weapons, either of offence or defence, and training in observation became a regular part of the soldier's instructions. Good as this was, if somewhat amateurish in its methods, it fell far short of the graduated and scientific system which is to be found in the Pelman Courses. These unquestionably do train the eye and mind together to recall automatically all that comes within the range of vision, and in these days it is quite unnecessary to insist on the importance of this faculty to the soldier of any rank. But the greatest value of the Pelman system from a military point of view appears to me to lie especially in its power to produce a one-o'clock-in-the-morning memory. I have known of the Pelman system for some seven years. I have served both before and during the War with many who have followed it, and it is this particular characteristic of its training which has struck me most. To any officer responsible for the lives and welfare of men a memory which works instantly and automatically when roused suddenly from a short and all-insufficient nap, or when the brain is numbed by fatigue and want of sleep, is a priceless possession, and there are few gifts which lead more certainly to advancement in a military career.

Of the thousand and one things that an officer in a responsible position must remember at such times, some one, and perhaps a vital one, may, and probably will, be forgotten, unless both mind and memory have been trained to cope with emergencies. . . . The Briton, as a general rule, requires little persuasion to keep his body fit, and none at all to convince him of the necessity of having a fit body when he goes to war. . . . But as a nation, if we appreciate in a general way that it is of at least equal importance to keep our minds fit, we are far less certain of how to set about it than we are when it is a case of keeping our bodies hard. I can think of no better method than the Pelman Course, either for keeping the mind fit in times of leisure or slackness, or for restoring mental vigour to a soldier whose mind has become flabby from overstrain or physical weakness, and I can recommend no better investment than a Pelman Course to the soldier on convalescent leave.

The Pelman system was designed not for war, but for peace, and its exercises were originally mainly adapted to the purposes of business and commercial training, but even in that form, which is the form in which I knew it first, it was followed with great benefit by many soldiers. But since the War the number of officers and men who have become Pelmanists has increased so fast that special courses of Army exercises have now been arranged, and are still becoming developed. The Pelman system is not cram or trick, but a scientific method of training which has proved its value to the soldier in war, and it would, I am certain, be of the greatest benefit if it were adapted to Army training generally.

Write to the Secretary, the Pelman Institute, 41, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1, and by return you will receive a copy of "Mind and Memory" (containing full particulars of the Pelman Course), a copy of "Truth's" latest (Fourth) report on the Pelman System, and a form enabling you to enrol for the complete course for one-third less than the usual fees.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne: 15, Toronto Street, Toronto: Club Arcade, Durban.





### GAS-BAG CRITICS. By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

#### A Slight Misunderstanding.

It is always amusing to see the captious critic put his foot in it. Seldom has one done it so whole-hoggedly as a writer in an evening paper recently, who complained that people still went joy-riding in balloons, and thus helped to defeat the Coal Controller's economy campaign by using perfectly good gas for their own pleasure. According to this critic, "day after day in fine weather four old-fashioned spherical balloons, the property of private individuals," may be seen in the air, "on pleasure bent at a time when every cubic foot of gas is supposed to be rigorously conserved." Moreover, according to him, "For observation or scientific purposes these primitive aircraft are obsolete and useless." Perhaps the person who wrote the quoted passages may be interested to know that, so far from being obsolete and useless, the spherical balloon is a most useful—indeed, an essential—instrument in the training of airship pilots. One would very much like to know whether he thinks that the budding airship officer is allowed to experiment with a fully equipped airship when learning to handle gas-bags—either here or in Germany. He, and probably many other people, are happily ignorant of the fact that in order to get an airship, whether a "Blimp" or a Zeppelin, off and on to the ground safely, and to handle it properly when in the air, one needs to know all that there is to know about the "obsolete and useless" spherical balloon. It may seem surprising, but gas behaves in just the same way whether it is imprisoned in a spherical or a sausage-shaped envelope, or in the cheese-shape bag of a section of a rigid airship. And ballast has the same effect whether it is in the form of sand or water. Therefore, obviously the only sensible way—besides by far the cheapest way—of training an airship officer in the elements of his craft is to do so in an old-fashioned but by no means obsolete spherical balloon. This is quite apart from the fact that the observers in kite-balloons, as used with the Fleet and with the Army, have naturally to be trained in handling and navigating ordinary balloons. It is by no means uncommon for a kite-balloon to break loose and go for a cruise on its own, and the crew would be in a pretty fix if they had had no training in the handling of free balloons.

#### The Street-Lighting Effect.

Even on the question of observation he is wide of the mark. If one wanted to observe the effects of changes in street-lighting of a big city, there could be no better way of doing so than by drifting over it in silence in a balloon. One can observe much more easily and

accurately from the car of a silently and slowly drifting balloon than from the cockpit of a rapid and rampageous aeroplane. Also, again, an aeroplane flying round and round in circles, so as to give an observer a really good chance of seeing all that he wanted to see, would use more petrol than would pay for filling the balloon, apart from the fact that the aeroplane would only carry one observer besides the pilot, whereas the humble balloon would carry, perhaps, two or three young officers under instruction, as well as an instructor-pilot and the officer who particularly wanted to observe the lighting effects. Perhaps the critic is right in suggesting that some of the balloons which one sees drifting about in fine weather are the property of private individuals. Those individuals who owned their private balloons before the war are to be complimented on their generosity in giving them to the Services for the training of young officers. Personally, one is under the impression that all the privately owned balloons were worn out a long while ago, and that those now in use were all built specially for training purposes quite recently.

**Patriotic Owners.** Finally, as regards the owners themselves being on pleasure bent, it is quite time that the world at large was informed as to the patriotism of the balloonists of this country. Out of respect for their modesty, one

will not mention their names; but one feels it one's duty to record the fact that a number of excellent sportsmen who could afford the somewhat expensive luxury of ballooning before the days of flying are now doing highly valuable work as instructors of kite-balloon and airship officers. In fact, one believes that most of them are over the latest military age. Despite this limitation, which would entitle them to live a peaceful life during the

war, they have devoted themselves to the King's service. Some of them habitually go aloft as if "on pleasure bent" with a balloon-basket full of ardent youngsters whose tricks are more nearly related to those of the proverbial basketful of monkeys than are consonant with the peace and dignity of pre-war ballooning. All the hard-won experience of aerostation—which is the science of handling aerostats, as distinct from navigable balloons—

bought at their own expense ten or twenty or more years ago by these gentlemen has been used to the best advantage during the war. All honour, therefore, to our pre-war and pre-aviation balloonists. Many of them now hold deservedly high rank in the Royal Air Force—some as commandants of balloon schools, and some as airship and kite-balloon officers at home or on active service. Certainly nobody better deserves the promotion which they have won.



A GERMAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN CAPTURED BY THE CANADIANS.  
ON THE RIGHT IS A CANADIAN PIGEON-CARRIER.  
*Canadian War Records.*



AMERICAN AIRMEN ON A TOUR IN WARWICKSHIRE: SOME HOSTS—INCLUDING THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RUTLAND—AND SOME GUESTS.

A party of American airmen had a two-days' tour in Warwickshire recently through the agency of the Birmingham and District Professions and General Trades Fund, in conjunction with the American Y.M.C.A.—[Photograph by C.N.]





JEWELLERS TO  
HIS MAJESTY  
KING GEORGE V.

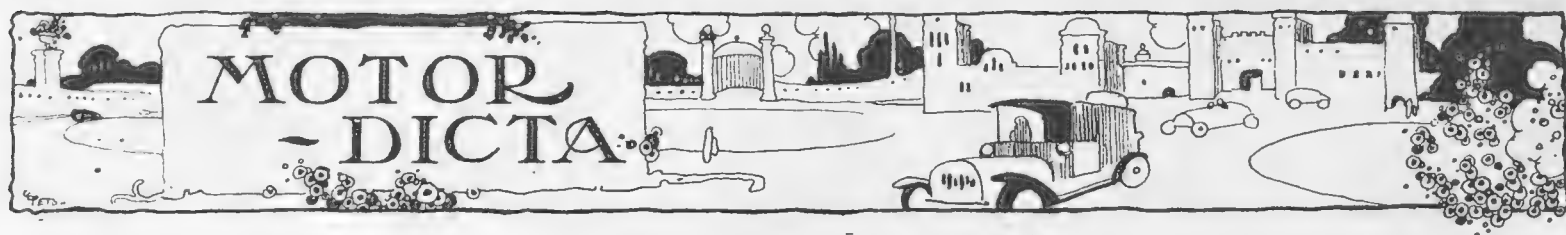
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## WHY NOT "PLAY FAIR" WITH PETROL IN WAR-TIME? BY GERALD BISS.

THERE are ways and means in these niggardly days, without actually infringing the letter of the Order, of obtaining more than one's fair share of petrol, like everything else, if one be so disposed and selfishly inclined; and the best way, upon mature consideration, is not to keep one's own car with a paltry allowance



ON REPAIR-WORK: A LADY DRIVER OF THE WOMEN'S LEGION—AND FRIEND.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau]

of a possible ten gallons a month, and that precarious, but to batten upon the petrol allotted to the local community by hiring frequently and indiscriminately. Moreover, it works out more economically on the whole, as it does away with any need of a chauffeur at a regular weekly wage, and all contingent upkeep expenses, which work out unduly high upon such a limited mileage as the meagre dole of individual spirit permits. I came across a case the other day which opened my eyes to such possibilities. A certain Peer who, though only some five-and-twenty miles from London, happens to be some six miles from the nearest station (a paradoxical and almost inconceivable state of affairs in these days, yet withal a cast-iron fact), does not keep his own car for station work, but hires from the town six miles off. So far, so good; but the other afternoon, when I rang up for my occasional humble use of the communal car, run upon the communal grant of petrol, in order that a lady and her luggage might be met and brought less than a mile to my humble abode, I was informed that it was impossible, as the car had been ordered by his Lordship. The garage-proprietor added that he had already by the early afternoon done three journeys, amounting to some thirty-six miles, to that same house; and he told me that no effort was made to consolidate arrivals or departures, which are very frequent, on one particular train, but that it is sometimes a rush above the legal limit to get back again to meet the next out from town. Fifty miles in one day on an old-type landaulette means three gallons and a bit over; and the garage allowance is now only sixty for the month, and is, I believe, about to be reduced to forty.

### A Chance for a New "Order."

This squandering of communal petrol is only one aspect of the case in these days of play-the-game and share-and-share-alike, of car-shortage and man-shortage. If it goes on, I have a scheme in mind to order the car for every train down one Friday and Saturday, and up on Monday morning, just as a hint. It won't cost me so much as it would cost the noble Lord in question, as I live within a mile of the station and he is six miles off. It is things such as this which make us all democratic in these days, and I wonder how far this abuse of communal petrol is prevalent in other parts of the country. If it be widespread, then "Dora" may have to step in in her blithe fashion and ration every householder to so many hirings a week, or not more than one station-journey each way per diem. You would think that I was writing of some wicked, crusted old Tory of ancient creation, barnacled with all the alleged autocratic and reactionary abuses of his vile caste—see Labour papers for confirmation. But no; the Peer in question is a Radical creation. This, in my eyes, makes his methods of petrol-squeezing under present conditions all the worse. Or is it merely typical of the little naïve verse of Chinese poetry, which is so apt that it has been much quoted since its publication a week or two back—

Families, when a child is born,  
Want it to be intelligent.  
I, through intelligence,  
Have wrecked my whole life.  
Only hope the baby will prove  
Ignorant and stupid.  
Then he will crown a tranquil life  
By becoming a Cabinet Minister.

Verily out of the mouth of Chinese poets and sucklings cometh wisdom!

### Motoring in the U.S.A.

I see that with the prosperity of war a great increase of motor-touring is reported from the States, which makes the mouths of immobilised automobilists over here water, and their eyes grow jaundiced yellow and their faces verdant with unholy envy. But theirs is the land which flows with oil and gasoline; and their tours shall be long in the land which has been given them. Nevertheless, be I not mistaken, with the intensification of their war effort and the colossal



MOTOR TRANSPORT IN ITALY: TOMMIES TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A RUNNING STREAM TO WASH THEIR CARS.—[Official Photograph.]

calls on petrol for their air and other forces in Europe, soon will their rights of way also be curtailed and restricted by President Wilson, who is the male incarnation over there of our intangible but autocratic "Dora" on this side. As it is, the sale of petrol on Sundays has been *verboden*; but what is to prevent the wily Yank from stacking his gas-wagon with tins sky-high?

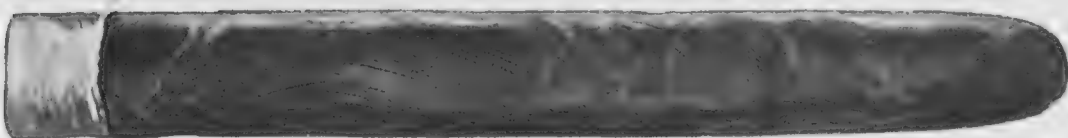


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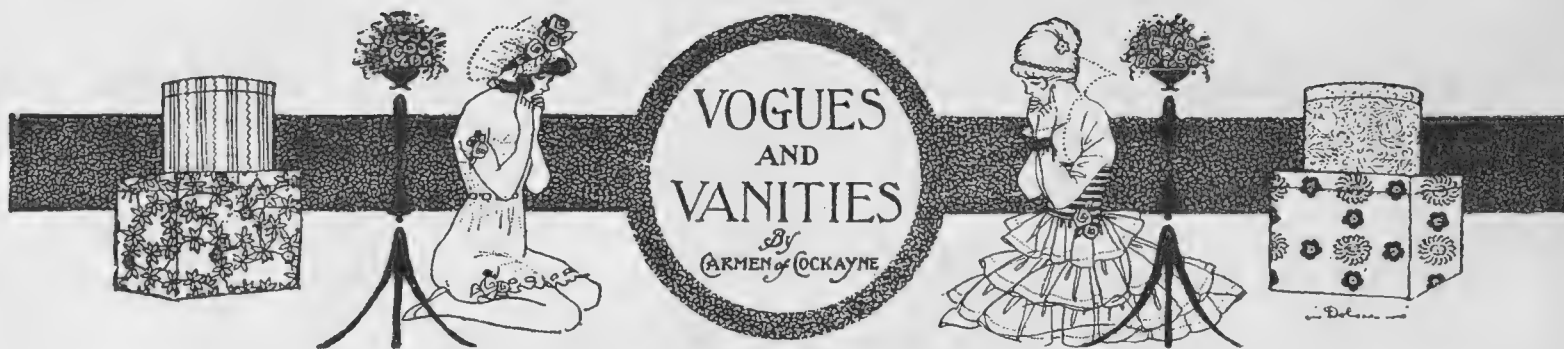
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**The New Problem.** It is the clever housewife who is going to keep herself and her family warm this winter; and, if anyone has a cheap and effective solution of the problem, now is the time to wring an honest penny out of a perplexed public. Quite seriously, women this winter, and more especially those who have homes they are still looking after, will have to face domestic problems far more difficult than any with which they have wrestled since war began. Making one ounce of meat go as far as six was child's-play compared with trying to keep the home fires burning on good intentions, with a little—just a very little—coal to help them out. Nobody is going to grumble. Everyone admits that Sir Guy Calthrop wants to do his best for everybody. But even when you have made up your mind to fulfil your patriotic part by cheerfully bearing the unpleasant "slings and arrows" in the form of a red nose and blue lips that the fortune of war and a fuelless hearth may deal out to you, it is impossible to avoid wondering how on earth you are going to get through the next few months.

**None but the Brave Deserve an "Order."** Now and again one does come across some cheerful soul who triumphantly asserts her complete immunity from worries about warmth, and whispers mysteriously of patent devices by which every lump of coal goes as far as a hundredweight, and marvellous contrivances by which raw food, or something very like it, becomes a palatable dish without recourse to the wasteful expedient of burning gas or coal. But that does not carry the seeker after warmth much further, and the local fuel overseers who deal with all the applications for increased allowances without endangering the national coal supply on the one hand, or raising up a host of new enemies for themselves on the other, will be very clever as well as very brave men, and quite deserving of any "Orders" that kind fortune may shower upon them.

**Another Side.** The coal, gas, and light problem is, however, only one aspect of the how-to-keep-warm-without-being-prosecuted difficulty which housewives have to meet. At the moment it promises to be almost as hard to keep warm in bed as out of it. It is a saddening thought, isn't it, to feel that perhaps, just perhaps, after having bravely borne the burden and cold of the day, you're going to get a chilly reception in the one place from which you'd expected better and warmer things. It's this way. There are horrid whispers of, if not an actual shortage, at least some difficulty in the way of getting blankets, because wool is wanted for "national" purposes. Rumours of "standard" blankets have not, so far, developed into anything more substantial. Their existence isn't actually denied, but they are reputed to be living up to their "official" reputation by coyly refusing to take the public into their confidence. What the public really wants is to be taken under their protection, and to make sure of it before winter prices combine with war-time incomes to place the harmless and very necessary blanket on the luxury level.

#### The Cold and the Quilt.

Meantime, people have been at work using their brains for the benefit of the harassed housewife. If there are not any, or at least not too many, blankets about, there are plenty of down quilts, quilts of real, pure, Russian goose-down, that the authorities at Waring and Gillow, Ltd., in Oxford Street, have thoughtfully devised to meet what really amounts to a national emergency. They have done more than devise them. In their silk and sateen covered thousands they are waiting their opportunity to do their warmth-creating bit in the Great War, and, incidentally, to lighten the domestic load of the British matron. The modern quilt has more than one duty to perform. Besides keeping its owner warm, it does its best to take his or her mind off the war and its minor issues. It is almost worth while being cold if the process lands the sufferer

under a satin quilt of the kind Dolores shows to-day, the dark border of which only serves to emphasise the charm of its pink, flower-covered satin surface. But that is only one aspect of the matter. Tastes differ, though not more than quilts. The seeker after comfort with Jacobean taste in house-furnishing need not be afraid that the harmony that exists between his furniture on the one hand and his hangings on the other must be disturbed by the introduction of a down quilt. How could it, when quilt-makers use beautiful "period" designs in block-printed satin, and border them with contrasting material, or alternatively introduce panels instead of borders, for the benefit of the specialised taste?

#### Choosing the Best.

There are more kinds of quilts than one under which to keep warm. Down quilts, covered in plain colours with French satin merv, may and do represent an attractive aspect of the matter; but then, so does another in block-printed sateen with roses

wandering over its latticed surface. Or again, there are wadded ones covered in plain-coloured Japanese silks, and they, like the others, can be had in single or double bed size, although the quilted ones do possess the additional recommendation in single and double cot size also. A delightful little portfolio, with designs in colour, will be sent on application to those who prefer shopping by post to the inconvenience of war-time train-travelling.



Down quilts have a hard time before them this winter; but that, as our illustration shows, has not blinded them to the necessity of being beautiful.



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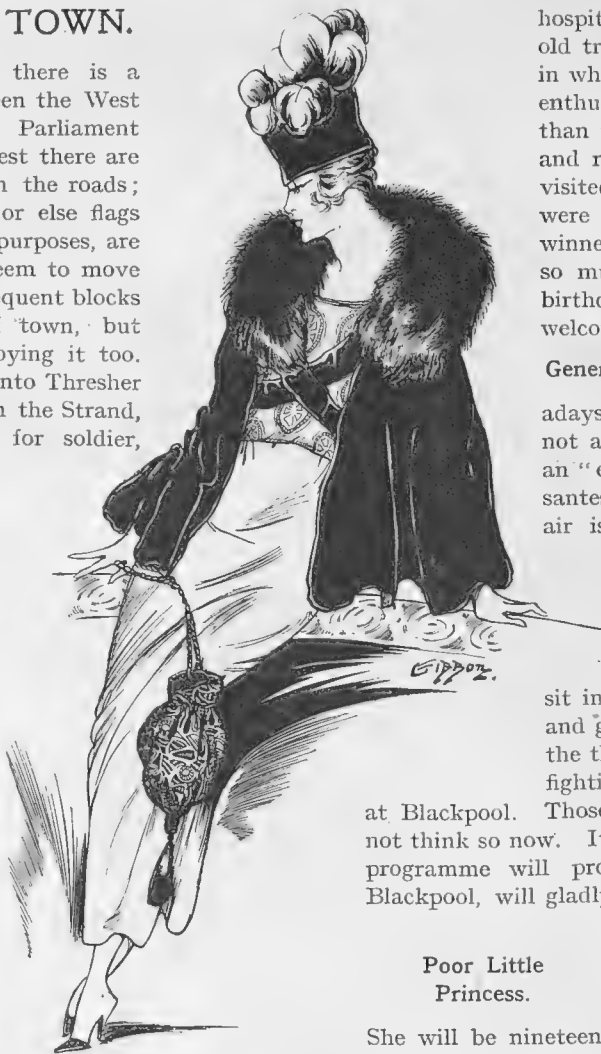




## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

**Personages and People.** These holiday times there is a strange contrast between the West End and the Strand, Parliament Street and Fleet Street regions. Up West there are few people in the streets, little traffic in the roads; and in residential parts closed houses, or else flags out showing them in use for patriotic purposes, are the rule. In the other district people seem to move along in solid masses, and there are frequent blocks in the traffic. Personages are out of town, but people are in it, and very much enjoying it too. Plenty of men are always seen looking into Thresher and Gleny's always attractive shop in the Strand, where the latest and smartest things for soldier, sailor, air, and civilian men are to be found. The women's branch, at 5, Conduit Street, is busy sending out things to country houses—pretty, well-cut shirts; well-tailored, smart tweed suits; the prettiest things and the most alluring in "undies." Thresher's things are always just the right things—and the most economical, because they are good.

**A Happy Birthday.** The Baroness de T'Serclaes, one of the two Women of Pervyse, who looked after the men in the Belgian trenches so long and so bravely, is now Administrator of the Women's Royal Air Force Probationary College for training officers at their temporary home at Rogers Hall, New Eltham. Miss Chisholm, the second Woman of Pervyse, is Deputy-Administrator. Both are very keen on this important job. A few days ago the Baroness celebrated her birthday by a party to two hundred wounded soldiers from the neighbouring



*For chilly autumn evenings nothing can be more cosy and picturesque than a cape of seal musquash and skunk.*

hospitals. Tea was served on long tables under fine old trees in the beautiful grounds. Games followed, in which the Administrator and her staff joined with enthusiasm; while the probationary officers more than willingly laid the tables and served the tea and refreshments. In the evening the Commandant visited the college and gave away the prizes, which were well worth having, and were awarded to the winners in the games. The men enjoyed the day so much that they wish the Baroness would have birthdays more frequently than would, perhaps, be welcome to herself.

**Generally Attractive.** There is no aristocratic nose turned up at Blackpool nowadays. Trouville, Deauville, Ostend, and Co. are not available, and, if one cannot have a "ville" or an "end"—well, a "pool" may be found the pleasantest of substitutes, and Blackpool is unique. The air is like champagne, the place is a trap for sunshine, and there is so much life and go in the district that one gets braced without realising it. Some friends of mine went up there last week, and are fairly revelling in it—say they hardly know themselves. They

sit in the sun and watch the sea, bathe, play tennis, and go to see Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss at the theatre, and forget their worries, and feed like fighting cocks—restrictions are taken light-heartedly at Blackpool. Those who used to think it a too popular resort do not think so now. It has attractions for everyone, as the autumn programme will prove. The Advertising Manager, Town Hall, Blackpool, will gladly send one.

### Poor Little Princess.

I should think German William *père* is responsible for the announcement of the engagement of poor little Princess Toinette of Luxemburg. She will be nineteen next month, and is a pretty, winsome child. Rupprecht of Bavaria, to whom she is said to be betrothed, is in his fiftieth year; he has been six years a widower and has a son. We know that he has expressed a great many very bloodthirsty sentiments, and his record is not very good, for his uncle was very mad

*(Continued overleaf.)*



# Mappin & Webb

Silver-smiths to H.M. King George V. LTD

## Prince's Plate

*The only lasting Substitute for Sterling Silver.*

Prince's Plate has all the lustre and depth of Silver, and for Household Plate and Table accessories has proved itself unrivalled. Prince's Plate is manufactured at The Company's own Sheffield Works, and sold at Manufacturers' Prices. A fully illustrated Catalogue of "Prince's Plate" will be sent post free.



Entrée Dish, 12 in. long,  
£7 15 0



Vegetable Dish, with division and drainer,  
10 in. diam., £10 17 6



Hash Dish, with lining and drainer,  
12 in. long, £15 0 0



12 in. ...	£4 0 0	Meat Dishes.	16 in. ...	£8 0 0
14 in. ...	5 5 0	20 in. ...	£8 15 0	18 in. ...
			7 0 0	



Breakfast Dish or Soup Tureen, with lining and drainer, 10 in. long, £16 0 0

London Show-rooms:

158-162, OXFORD STREET, W.1; 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4.; 172, REGENT STREET, W.1.

PARIS.
ROME.
MONTREAL.
JOHANNESBURG.
BUENOS AIRES.
RIO DE JANEIRO
SÃO PAULO.





C. HALSEY

## Nerve Support

Guard against nervous breakdown, which results from strain of overwork, worry, and concentrated mental effort, by drinking "Ovaltine." It supplies just the extra food needed to rebuild the worn nerve cells.

# OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

**Builds up Brain, Nerve and Body.**

### "OVALTINE"

"Ovaltine" gives strength, vitality and endurance, is a splendid pick-me-up, and as a restorative in fatigue has no equal. Prepared from Malt, Milk and Eggs, "Ovaltine" makes a delicious beverage which is taken with or between meals, or, with a few biscuits, of itself forms a light, satisfying meal. It has the advantage that little or no sugar is required. The crisp golden granules are merely stirred into hot milk or milk and water. In Convalescence and cases of Feeble Digestion "Ovaltine" provides the most nourishing, sustaining, and easily assimilable food drink possible. Taken just before retiring it ensures sound, refreshing sleep.

P 258

*Of all Chemists and Stores.*  
A. WANDER, LIMITED,  
23, Cowcross Street, London, E.C. 1.  
Works: King's Langley, Hertfordshire.



# Manfield

Nowadays, unless one buys the best Footwear obtainable, it may be said more than ever that it is a bad bargain.



**LONDON:-**

28 & 229 PICCADILLY, W.1  
125 NEW BOND ST., W.1  
376 & 377 STRAND, W.C.2  
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59 & 60 ST. PAUL'S  
CHURCHYARD, E.C.4  
(for Ladies only.)  
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84 GRACECHURCH ST., E.C.3  
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and other London addresses. Also at LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, NEWCASTLE, GLASGOW, DUBLIN, BELFAST, LEEDS, BRISTOL, CARDIFF, HULL, DERBY, MIDDLESBROUGH, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, EDINBURGH, ABERDEEN, DUNDEE, SHEFFIELD, HUDDERSFIELD, BRADFORD, PRESTON, SOUTHAMPTON, READING, SUNDERLAND, &c., &c.  
Factory at Northampton.

**Manfield**  
-& SONS

## PLAYER'S Navy Cut Cigarettes

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

**PLAYER'S  
GOLD LEAF NAVY CUT CIGARETTES**

In Tins of 100 - 5/4 In Tins of 50 - 2/8

**PLAYER'S  
MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES**

In Card Boxes of 100-4/3 In Card Boxes of 50-2/2½



These Cigarettes are also supplied at DUTY FREE RATES for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital

Terms and particulars on application to—

**JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.**

F741 Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



**"The doctor said—you must take Sanatogen!"**

SO she takes Sanatogen—and in a few weeks she is a different woman, growing steadily healthier and stronger.

Gone are the apathy and fatigue—the fretfulness and depression of spirits—the insomnia and indifference to food.

There is colour in her cheeks—a cheerful light in her eyes—and gratitude in her heart to Sanatogen!

**But it must be real**

**Sanatogen**  
THE GENUINE FOOD TONIC

"I cannot speak too highly of Sanatogen's great recuperative powers to help one after illness and nervous breakdown," writes "Guy d'Hardelot" (Mrs. Helen Rhodes); and Lady Eliot writes that she "finds Sanatogen simply unexcelled as a re-nerver and builder-up of lost tissue." But real Sanatogen is not merely "unexcelled"—it is *unequalled*. Owing to its unique powers of phosphorous-nutrition it does literally "re-nerve" you, while as a concentrated, tissue-building food it vitally assists Nature in her recuperative processes.

As the demand for Sanatogen still exceeds the supply, you should at once order it from your chemist at pre-war prices—1/9 to 9/6 per tin. Made from perfectly phosphorised milk protein—not whole milk—it is an ideal enervating nutrient for the healthy, as well as for invalids and nerve-sufferers. Costs you only 2d. per dose, too, and is absolutely harmless and reactionless.

GENATOSAN, LTD. (British Purchasers of the Sanatogen Co.), 12, Chenies St., London, W.C.1. (Chairman: The Viscountess Rhondda.)

NOTE.—Sanatogen will later on be re-named Genatosan—genuine Sanatogen—to distinguish it from inferior substitutes.



## The First Autumn Models



Exclusive Varied Selection  
of Winter Velours Cloths  
unprocurable elsewhere.

Ready - to - Wear  
LONG COATS  
trimmed Fur.

DAINTY DINNER  
FROCKS AND CAPES.

Patterns and original  
Sketches on application.

French Felt Hat  
(as sketch), finest  
quality in all colours.

**3 Gns.**

sent on approval  
carriage paid.

**Ernest.**  
Ltd.

185, REGENT STREET, W.

## CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Our stock contains a large  
variety of dainty and inex-  
pensive garments for little  
boys and girls.

**CHARMING COAT** (as sketch)  
for little girl in Mole Velveteen,  
trimmed collar and cuffs of  
natural American Opossum.  
The back of coat is semi-fitting.  
Lined silk and warmly interlined.

Size for 2 to 3 years ... Price **5 Gns.**

" 4 " " " **5½ "**

" 5 " " " **6 "**

**HAT** to match, lined under brim  
with drawn ninon and prettily  
trimmed fur and ribbon **39/6**

### FUR RENOVATIONS AND RE-MODELLING

should be put in hand now, as  
nearly the whole of the expert  
English furriers have joined the  
Army. Orders placed for reno-  
vations early in the Season will  
prevent disappointment which  
will be unavoidable during the  
Winter months.

NOTE.—This Establishment is  
closed on Saturdays.

**Debenham  
& Freebody.**  
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London. W.1



## GOOCH'S VOGUE & VALUE

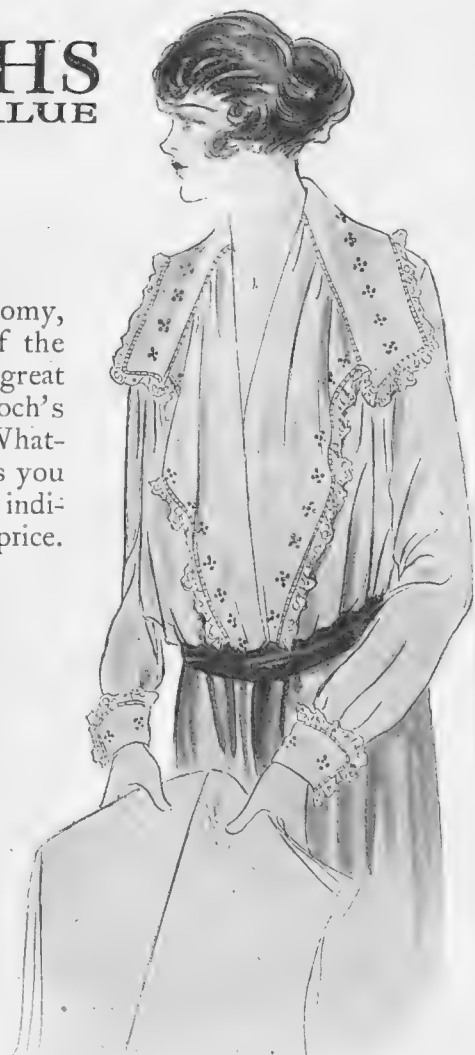
Distinction with economy,  
so long the *spécialité* of the  
Gooch Blouse, is the great  
characteristic of Gooch's  
new Autumn display. What-  
ever your blouse needs you  
will find something indi-  
vidual at a reasonable price.

"JENA."—Dainty washing  
Blouse in fine crêpe crystal. Soft  
Collar and Revers embroidered  
co-trasting shade and edged  
fine Valenciennes lace. White,  
champagne, pink, mauve, grey,  
yellow, and deep sky. **31/9**  
3 Sizes

A variety of Blouses and Shirts  
in this attractive material in  
pale shades, and darker tones  
for tweeds.

**Gooch's**  
Ltd.

BROMPTON RD.,  
LONDON,  
S.W. 3.



2033

## Lotus

**F**RESH stocks of Lotus  
and Delta are arriving  
regularly at the shops  
appointed to sell these shoes  
and, until now, these stocks  
have been largely sold, a pair  
here and a pair there to cus-  
tomers, before they arrived  
from Lotus Ltd. In fact,  
many a shop in its desire to  
oblige customers has over-  
sold its next delivery.

This selling of shoes before  
they reach the shop can no  
longer be recommended.  
The shortage of supplies is

increasing and is now so  
acute that women are strongly  
advised to take such Lotus  
and Delta as are already in  
the shop, even should they  
not be the particular style  
desired.

Indeed, Lotus Ltd recom-  
mend women not to wait  
but to buy some other make  
of shoes when they cannot  
get straightaway either Lotus  
or Delta.

Lotus Ltd, Stafford  
Makers of Delta and Lotus Shoes  
City Telephone  
London Wall  
6989

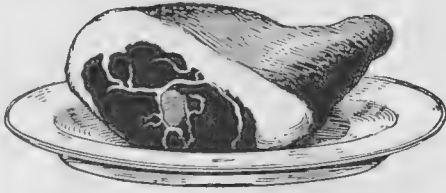


Delta

890—21/-

Agents everywhere





## Milton prevents Food Contamination

### FOOD POISONED BY FLIES

The mysterious food poisoning epidemic which has resulted in the deaths of two children at Kingston-on-Thames is engaging the attention of officials and medical men in London as well as in Kingston. The suggestion that the food which the two boys ate previously to being taken ill had been poisoned by the agency of flies has introduced an important element into the case, in view of the medical evidence given at the inquest and of the statement that fifteen similar cases of illness had occurred in Kingston.

—Daily Telegraph. Sept. 2, 1918.

Meat or other Food washed in a weak solution of Milton is absolutely free from the danger of contamination by Flies or germs. No taste or smell is left behind, and Milton is absolutely harmless.

Read the directions accompanying each

**1/- & 2/- bottle**

The 2/- bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 1/-

Sold by all Dealers

There is an ample supply of MILTON. Your Chemist, your Grocer or Ironmonger can obtain it. If he says he cannot obtain it, tell him our address and we will see that he is promptly supplied.

MILTON MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.,  
125, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1. & 64, Wellington St., Glasgow



## For the Dainty Tea

Thin slices of buttered "Bermaline," freshly made "Bermaline" sandwiches, never fail to bring appreciative response.

Fresh and inviting with the crispy brown crust, "Bermaline" does look good and is delicious and wholesome.

**"Bermaline"**  
REGD TRADE MARK.  
BEST BROWN BREAD

*"It's a meal in itself."*

**6d. per lb. loaf from Bakers everywhere.**

Flour, milled from the choicest wheat, and malt extract from the finest Scotch barley go to make "Bermaline." That is why it is so much more nourishing and delicious than ordinary bread.

The Proprietors of the trade mark "Bermaline," MONTGOMERIE & CO., LTD., Ibrox, Glasgow, supply the special ingredients for making "Bermaline" Bread to Bakers who are agents throughout the United Kingdom.



Aa3

♀



# Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Fine Old Virginia  
Cork tipped Ovals

14 for 20 Also in Boxes  
of 50 & 100

Spinet MIXTURE  
for the PIPE 1½ per 2oz. Pkt.

R. & J. HILL LTD  
LONDON

Soothing as an  
Old time Melody





# Peter Robinson's

## Autumn Fashions

Now Ready in ALL Departments

### Distinctive Styles in Suits, Coats and Hats



*The Mortlake.*



E 78

The "MORTLAKE." Tailormade in navy and black Suiting; cut on latest lines; coat fitted pockets and lined Silk. Sizes: S.W., W., & O.S. **8½ Gns.**

The "LENNOX." Natural Musquash Coat; made from fine quality Western skins; full of fur; large collar of Natural Skunk .. .. **38 Gns.**

E. 78. Smart "Pull-on" Hat in Black Satin; lined saxe ribbon Velvet, finished with single Rose. Also in navy and nigger .. .. **52/6**



*The Lennox.*

Peter Robinson Ltd. Oxford St. London W1



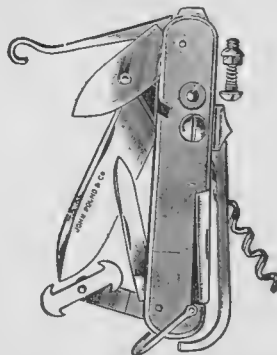
#### "ACTIVE SERVICE" WRIST WATCH.

ILLUMINATED HANDS & FIGURES, best Lever Movement, **52/6 & 79/6.** Engraving NAME & REGIMENT, **3/6.** Postage Expeditionary Forces, 9d.

#### FINEST SHEFFIELD STEEL CAMPAIGN KNIVES.

Specially Tempered Blades.

Best Finish throughout.



**21/- and 27/6**

As Illustration, **39/6**

Engraving NAME and REGIMENT, **3/6.**

Postage Expeditionary Force, 9d.

#### LADY'S "WEEK-END" or EMPTY DRESSING CASE.

With Strong MOIR-ETTE Pockets to carry OWN FITTINGS.

Made of BEST Brown Smooth HIDE, strong LEVER Locks.

LIGHT in WEIGHT.

16 ins. .. **77/6**  
18 ins. .. **85/-**  
20 ins. .. **92/6**  
22 ins. .. **£5 0 0**



Brown Chocolate colour **VELVET PHOTO FRAME**, with OXYDISED REGIMENTAL BADGE. Best Finish.

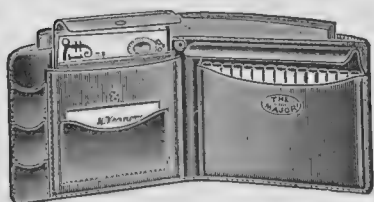
Cabinet, size of sight, 5½ x 3½ .. **17/6**  
Boudoir .. 7 x 4½ .. **21/6**  
Imperial .. 8 x 6 .. **25/6**  
Oxford .. 10 x 8 .. **32/6**

**SAM BROWNE BELTS, MILITARY KIT BAGS, WOLSELEY SLEEPING VALISES, MAP CASES, Etc.**



#### LADY'S WRIST BAG.

Made from specially **SELECTED MOROCCO lined SILK.** All colours. **39/6**



#### The "MAJOR" COMBINATION CIGARETTE and NOTE CASE,

with separate pocket to carry CHEQUE BOOK.

Specially useful for Service Men.

Real PIGSKIN or CALF ... **32/6**  
FINE SEAL ... **38/6**  
Stamping NAME and REGT. **3/6**  
Postage Expeditionary Force, 9d.

**268-270, OXFORD STREET, W.1**

**187, Regent Street, W.1**

**67, Piccadilly, W.1.**

**177-178, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.**

**81-84, Leadenhall Street, LONDON, E.C.3**



# BARRI MATERNITY GOWNS



Royal Letters Patent, **Unobtainable elsewhere.**  
Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Many designs for day and evening wear.

Navy "San Toy" Gown with Black Satin Vest and Belt. Collar of White Muslin.      Smart Tailor-made Suit in "Navy Serge," finished with bone buttons

**10 Gns.      12 Gns.**  
Especially designed CORSETS and BELTS, also selection of EXCLUSIVE LAYETTES may be had on approval.  
Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

**BARRI, LTD.**  
72 Baker Street, London W.1



## LE DERNIER CRI

Original Model  
Black Velour Costume trimmed with Mole - Coney fur. The Coat is cut on quite new lines, giving a very graceful straight effect.



*We have a special display of costumes, jerseys, frocks, and wraps for*  
**EARLY AUTUMN WEAR.**



*Mercie McHardy*  
**240 OXFORD ST.**

Costume Department:  
3 PRINCES STREET,  
OXFORD CIRCUS,  
LONDON, W.1.

# Dainty Inexpensive Lingerie



Very effective model Crêpe-de-Chine set—inlet dainty lace insertion—Chemise, Empire style with elastic, whilst the knicker is of the wide skirt style. A set that will charm you. In Ivory, Pink, Sky, Champagne, Helio and Lemon **£2 9 11**

Combinations in Crêpe as above... 37/6  
In Jap silk, set... 32/6  
Combinations... 28/11  
Any Military or Naval Crest or Monogram worked on chemise, 6/6 extra.

To Country Customers goods are supplied by post on receipt of remittance, carriage paid, with unconditional undertaking that cash will be returned if goods are not in every way satisfactory.

PURE SILK HOSE, Lisle tops and feet, in Black only, 5/11 a pair, 3 pairs for 17/6. Sizes 8½, 9, 9½ and 10 inch. Remarkable value.

FEMININE FANCIES IN EVERY DEPT.  
**S. WEISS,**  
105 & 103, Shaftesbury Avenue London, W.1.  
Phone: Regent 6129.      Opposite Shaftesbury Theatre

Anywhere,  
("Under-ground" or  
"Tidy-wear" means Tidy Hair.

everywhere  
Over - ground)  
The patent tight - hair does it!

Medium :  
No. 43 ... 3½d.  
Large :  
No. 63 ... 4½d.  
Extra Large :  
No. 83 ... 5½d.  
Superior  
Small Mesh :  
No. 93 ... 6½d.



Insist upon the  
Tight-Hair—  
it makes all the  
difference.

SOLD BY  
ALL DRAPERS,  
and  
BOOTS  
THE CHEMISTS.

**"Tidy-Wear"**  
PATENTED HAIR NETS REGISTERED



## "La Naturelle"

The new French Toupet, with a NATURAL PARTING which has brought us untold fame as Pioneers, stands alone for its elegance and charm. Made entirely of superfine wavy hair.

Price from 4 Guineas.  
Full Transformation from 12 Guineas.

(The "Times" system of instalments is available.)

Write for CATALOGUE DE LUXE or  
call and interview Mons. GEORGES.

*"La Naturelle"* **Maison Georges**  
40. BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON S.W.1.

# VENN'S UNDIES

*Two Pages out of a New Catalogue.*



For all that is dainty in under attire  
To capture the fancy—one could not desire  
Selections more varied, more choice, or more sweet  
Than seen at Venn's, Limited, Conduit Street.  
To suit ev'ry taste, without fail they succeed  
In showing you just what you wish, or you need  
In camisoles, knickers, or neat silken hose  
In sweetest variety. Let me propose  
You pay them a visit, when next in the West,  
They'll please you completely and serve you the best.



**VENN'S, Ltd.,**  
14-15, Conduit Street, W.

Telephone: Mayfair 1407.



No. 85.  
**Lingerie Skirt** on elastic  
waist, in white Voile, with pretty  
coloured embroidery and  
ribbons matching .. **25/6**  
No. 86.  
Voile sleeved **Camy,** **15/6**  
matching.. ..



No. 87.  
**Cute Crêpe Comb.,** inlet  
contrast coloured, as  
sketch .. .. **50/-**  
In White, Pink, Sky, Helio,  
Peach, Lemon, Rose, Black,  
Jade, Ruby, Emerald, Champ.





**Wear Lista**  
for  
**Pleasure**  
Because it's Silky-soft  
**Protection**  
Because it's Hygienic  
**Patriotism**  
Because it's British Built  
**Profit**  
Because it's wonderfully  
Warm & Wear-resisting

It is quite the Smartest Blouse Material in the market. Ask your draper to show you patterns of "Lista," and look for the word "Lista" stamped on the selvedge.

**In Stripes and Self-colours.**  
Lista garments obtainable from all leading Shops & Outfitters.

Wholesale only:  
**LISTER & Co., Ltd.,** Old Change, E.C.



# HARROGATE

**BRITAIN'S HEALTH RESORT**

**A New Treatment? You'll find it at Harrogate.**

No matter what you seek, if it has medical approval you can enjoy it there with all the advantages accruing from Harrogate's unique resources.

The PARAFFIN WAX BATH is now being installed; the "BRISTOWE" ELECTRICAL TREATMENT is already in. Among other recent installations are AERATED WHIRLPOOL BATHS, AERATION BATHS, the "S" RAYS, the HARROGATE-BERGONIE TREATMENT—the newest obesity treatment. Don't hesitate—go to Harrogate.

**HOTEL MAJESTIC.**  
In grounds of 10 acres, overlooks Royal Baths. Every modern convenience. Booklet on request.

**PROSPECT HOTEL**  
and Recherché Restaurant, overlooks Stray. Two minutes from Baths. Orchestra. *Thés Dansants*. Write for Booklet.

Any particulars of Harrogate sent on request to **F. J. C. BROOME, Baths Dept. HARROGATE.**

P.C.B.—18

**FREE BROCHURE FROM F.J.C.BROOME GENERAL MANAGER**



# VENUS PENCILS

The unequalled materials, exactness and correctness of composition, splendid workmanship and extra-careful inspection make "VENUS PENCILS" the standard by which all pencils are judged

**FOR EVERY PENCIL PURPOSE.**

17 Grades: Blacklead, 6B (softest) to 9H (Hardest) at 4d. each; also 3 styles Copying at various prices.

Of all Stationers, Stores, etc., throughout the World.

"VENUS," 173-5, LOWER CLAPTON ROAD, E.5.



## and WOUNDS.

A Ward Sister-in-Charge at a Military Hospital writes as follows:—

To the "SANITAS" Co.

May 27th, 1918.

Gentlemen,—“I have much pleasure in writing this letter to bear testimony to the wonderful properties of ‘Sanitas.’ I have been using the solution for dressing one of the most difficult, obstinate, and dirty surgical wounds I have come across in my nearly four years of Military Nursing.

The area affected is an open amputation through the thigh, to which has been applied gauze soaked in the solution 1 in 3 and changed 4 hourly. At the end of 24 hours the wound, which had hitherto not responded to other treatment with various lotions, and had been covered with adherent sloughs and looked quite bloodless and lifeless, showed signs of living tissues through the loosening sloughs.


The patient—an Officer—felt soothed after each application, and looked forward to the changing of the dressing instead of dreading the freshly irritating sensations hitherto produced by each treatment.

From that day the wound cleaned up rapidly, the temperature, which had been persistently high, came gradually down, the whole general condition of the patient improved, and he is now in a stage of Convalescence which I am sure he owes to a constant and regular use of your most valuable disinfectant.

You may use this letter as you like, for I am quite sure that the efficacy of ‘Sanitas,’ at a time when the skill and art of drugs and their application are so important for the welfare and future of the British soldier, cannot be over-estimated.”

**THE "SANITAS" COMPANY, Ltd., LIMEHOUSE, LONDON, E.14**  
Disinfectant Manufacturers by Appointment to H.M. the King.

*J.W. Benson's*



**Diamonds, £23**      **Sapphire & Diamonds, £20**

**Diamonds, £18**      **Diamond, £25**      **Sapphire & Diamonds, £16**

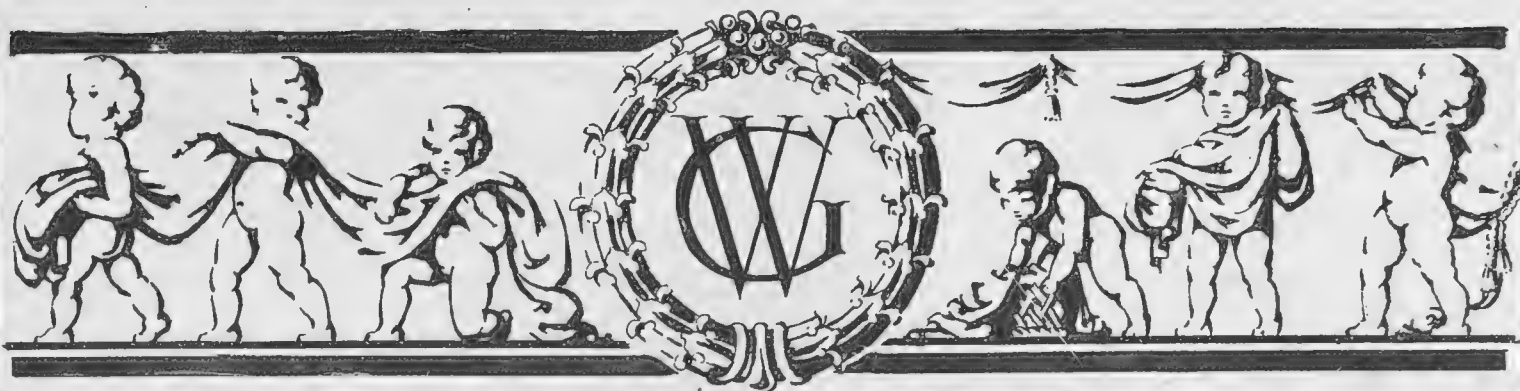
**Diamonds, £44**      **Diamonds, £14**

**Sapphire & Diamonds, £10 15s.**      **Diamonds, £18**      **Diamonds, £40**

**Diamonds, £10**      **Diamonds, £14**

**Fine Gem Rings**

Best Value, Quality & Design.      25, Old Bond St., W.1.      Coloured Sketches sent free.



CURTAINS • CUSHIONS  
• DRAPERIES •



THE FINEST SELECTION  
OF ALL MATERIALS  
OF EXCLUSIVE COLOURINGS & DESIGNS  
ALWAYS IN STOCK

WARING &  
GILLOW  
LTD.



164-180 OXFORD ST, LONDON, W.



*(Continued.)* indeed. His father acted as Regent until 1912, when he bethought himself he might as well declare himself King. No doubt there was the idea of sharing with cousin William the Emperorship of the world. There has been more than one crazy King of Bavaria, and we can only hope that pretty little Princess Toinette has her five sisters' hearty hatred of Germany and will evade her Bavarian fate. To be sure, whatever they think now, they cannot say much, for the Prussian heel is heavy on Luxemburg.

**What the Pantry Does.** Why doth the war-work V.A.D. not answer to the call?  
The Pantry wants her very much;  
The Wards—oh, not at all!  
Perhaps that's why this busy bee is absent from the roll.

The pantry may be a pleasant place—we have seen it so in a play; but then there was a fascinating butler in it, and probably many unrationed luxuries. The ordinary girl who, accustomed to amuse herself, has given her life up to do servants' work for four long years has learned to pity servants. She makes, as a rule, little complaint about ward work, because of the human interest in it and the appeal it makes to the woman in her. She can thoroughly enjoy building a man up with Ovaltine, and seeing him grow well and strong on this vitalising, reconstructing food. The constant care of cups and saucers, plates and dishes, palls; and, while several millions are being spent daily on the war, the V.A.D. sees no reason why she should be called "pantry" and become deadly weary. She would rather be an orderly, and fetch the Ovaltine from 23, Cowcross Street, E.C.; in doing this would be some life and variety, and it would be good work, too.



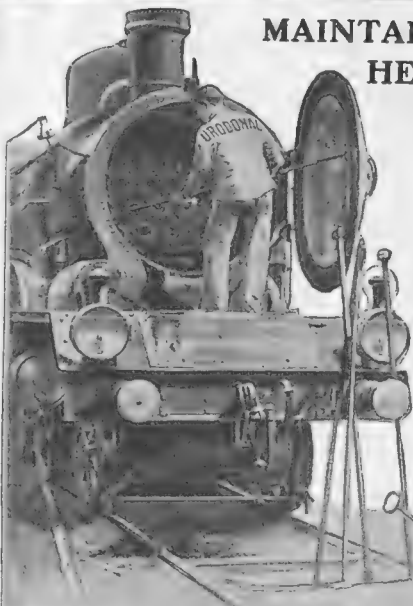
A bodice of heavily embroidered cloth—or silk, if preferred—worn with a skirt which rigidly adheres to straightness of line, is greatly favoured by the smart Parisienne just now.

**A Thirst-Quencher.** "Drinks are not rationed—they are simply off," I heard one thirsty-looking soldier man complain to another. I longed to tell him of the joys of a long, deep draught of Freeman's Glass Lemon. Probably he would have said I had no taste, and I would have thought that his was vitiated by courses of fire-water. However, the acrimonious argument did not take place; and I adhere to my opinion that a real treat to a thirsty friend is a long pull at a tumbler of this Glass Lemon, made from a powder produced by the Watford Manufacturing Company, Ltd., from the finest Messina lemons and pure cane-sugar. It is also very easy to carry about. Soldier-men who know it love it so much that at present it is impossible to release supplies for the general public. It is nice to know that their mess-sergeants can always give them this invigorating and refreshing drink made from a teaspoonful in a tumbler of water.

Mr. Charles Gulliver is presenting a splendid variety bill at the Palladium next week, comedy being represented by no less than three-quarters of the turns. The welcome return of Wilkie Bard with an entirely new scena brings numbers of visitors to the theatre; whilst the remainder of the programme sparkles with "stars." Always the first to put his theatres at the disposal of charity, Mr. Gulliver is, on St. Dunstan's Day, Oct. 1, placing the Palladium at the disposal of that magnificent institution for a matinée. The entertainment is under the patronage of the Queen, and a bumper house will no doubt go to swell the funds of St. Dunstan's. Offers of souvenirs for auction will be greatly appreciated by the Honorary Organisers of St. Dunstan's Day, 306, Regent Street, W. 1.

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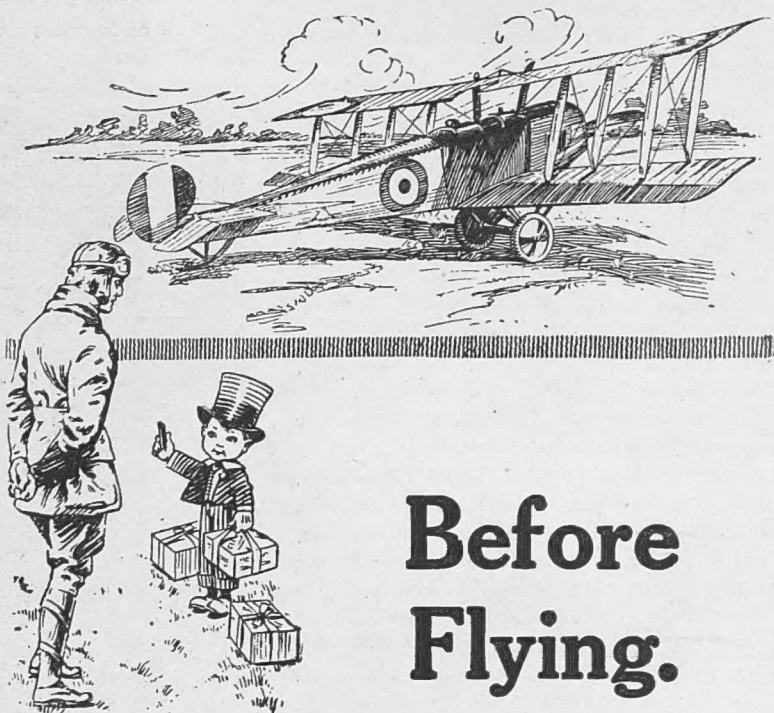
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## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

*Our War Lords.*

Sir Henry Horne, who gained the great victory of the "Switch," is one of the discoveries of the war. At its outbreak he was only a Colonel of Artillery. He is one of the most scientific of our gunners, and it was he who devised the creeping barrage which has since been so highly effective. He is a native of Caithness, and comes of a military family. A man of few words, he combines the gifts of leadership with a full technical mastery of his profession, and has been regarded as a possible Commander-in-Chief should that position by any chance fall vacant. The artillery, which always feels that it gets less than its fair recognition as the brainy service, feels inordinately proud of its representative on the High Command. Sir Charles Fergusson, who has won much distinction in the same operations, is the holder of an Irish baronetcy dating from the early eighteenth century. He succeeded to the title on the death of his father, who was killed in the Jamaica earthquake. Some time ago the Government took steps to contradict a lying German report that he had ordered his troops to give no quarter to the enemy. The Hun has certainly no grounds for loving him.

*The New Chief Commissioner.*

I do not know how far the circumstance had weight in his appointment, but some years ago Sir Nevil Macready, the new Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, gave evidence of a tact which suggests qualifications for his new post. Ordered down to South Wales in command of the military at the time of



WIFE OF THE OFFICER WHO STORMED THE JUNCTION OF THE QUÉANT AND HINDENBURG LINES: LADY FERGUSSON.

Lady Fergusson is the wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Fergusson, K.C.B., M.V.O., D.S.O., who so successfully stormed the junction of the Quéant and Hindenburg lines. She was, before her marriage, Lady Alice Mary Boyle, daughter of the seventh Earl of Glasgow.—[Photograph by Walter Barnett.]

the South Wales coal strikes, he acquitted himself so cleverly that the men were quickly on the best terms with the soldiers, who really did assist in the work of pacification. Sir Nevil Macready, now promoted General, is a son of the famous Victorian actor, the friend of Dickens and the subject of more than one R.A.'s most popular canvas. Macready was one of the few men on the stage who had enjoyed a public-school education, and the "good form" instinct in him, as we learn from his diary, was bitterly affronted by the conduct of some of his less favoured colleagues, while he was perpetually hurt by the light regard in which actors were held by the society of that day. Sir Edward Henry, who well deserves the baronetcy which has fallen to him in such singular circumstances, will always have a place in police history—all over the world, as well as in this country—as the pioneer of the marvellous finger-print system of identification.

*A Dramatist of New Drury.*

The men who write the Drury Lane dramas are rather like the men who write the verses in the Christmas crackers. Everybody knows their work, but they are themselves little known. Mr. H. Hamilton, who has just died, was the author of such well-known plays as "The Sins of Society" and "The Whip," but beyond the boundaries of the profession he could not be said to be a celebrity. Originally an actor, he produced his first play at Manchester in the early 'eighties, and in 1884 invaded London with "Moths" and "Our Regiment." Since then he has written, alone or in collaboration, a vast quantity of the kind of drama which thrills the British public, and shows off the

[Continued overleaf.]

## AMUSEMENTS.

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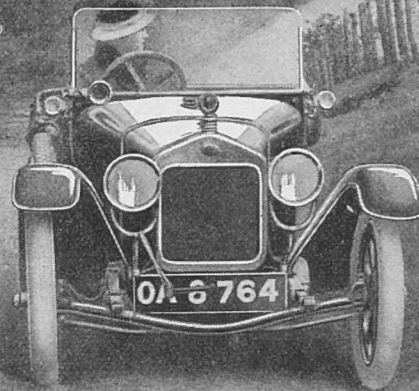
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(continued.)

possibilities of a large stage and a skilful manager of "effects." His death will be a loss for a very large and worthy section of the theatre-going public.

### *The Englishwoman and the German Frau.*

A German paper complains that the German female has not shown the energy of our own women. But the Germans cannot have it all ways. They have kept their Fraus in their place, which may be a very good place for them, and they have laughed us to scorn because in the Suffragist days we shrank from using machine-guns on our unruly feminists. But women who are restricted in their interests to babies and the afternoon scandal party, or even to the Kaiser's three K's—Kirche, Küche, Kinder—must lack the larger initiative. After all, there is a good deal to be said for freedom, for women and men too, and the German education in that particular is not yet complete. They still have to learn something from the Americans.

### *The Speaker and the War.*

Mr. Lowther's statement that he does not intend to retire till the war is over will be received with great satisfaction by the faithful Commons. First, because it implies a limit to the war—the Speaker is evidently not of the school that holds that the first ten years are the worst. Secondly, because most of the Members would not feel at home with anybody else in the chair. Mr. Lowther is a stern disciplinarian, but no occupant of his office has been more popular. Generally the Speaker sugars his rebukes with a humour all his own which turns the laugh against an inconvenient questioner or obstructive without wounding his feelings. But when he likes to be severe nobody can better assume a crushing dignity.

### *A Purchased Town.*

Shaftesbury, which has been sold to a London syndicate—it was the property of Lord Stalbridge—is familiar to readers of Thomas Hardy. Though it has cost its purchasers only £75,000, it has a Mayor and Corporation and an ancient history, being connected with the life of King Alfred and with the death and burial of Edward the Martyr. Dorset is one of the least spoiled of the counties of England, and Shaftesbury is, of all its towns, perhaps the least touched by the ugly side of modernity. It seems rather undignified for it to be in the market, and offered at a profit of "five per cent. on the turnover." But these are levelling days.



AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT: FISON—CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

Miss Madeleine Lucy Fison is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Fison, of Stutton Hall, Suffolk, and has been doing V.A.D. work in the South of France. Her engagement to Mr. Alexander Robert Cunliffe-Owen, Welsh Guards, is announced. Mr. Cunliffe-Owen is the son of Mr. Edward Cunliffe-Owen, of Loughborough, Leicestershire, and grandson of the late Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, K.C.B.—[Photographs by Langfieri.]

dian Military Choir, and numerous amusements in charge of Lord Portarlington, Miss Vane Featherston, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Eva Moore, Miss Joy Chatwyn, and other well-known people. Prizes will be given for the most original and comic dresses, to be judged by Lady Alexander. Tickets before the day, 1s.; tickets on the day, 1s. 6d. To be obtained of the Hon. Organiser, Mr. Percy A. Hawke, 3, Lyall Street, W. 1.

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